

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP

ACG

The FUNNIEST KID IN TOWN!

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP

ACG

NO. 40,
JAN.

10¢

COOKIE

BETTER READ
THAT SIGN
AGAIN,
BUB!

OUR
COUNTRY
NEEDS
MEN!

ARMY
RECRUITING
OFFICE

IMM
HAPP

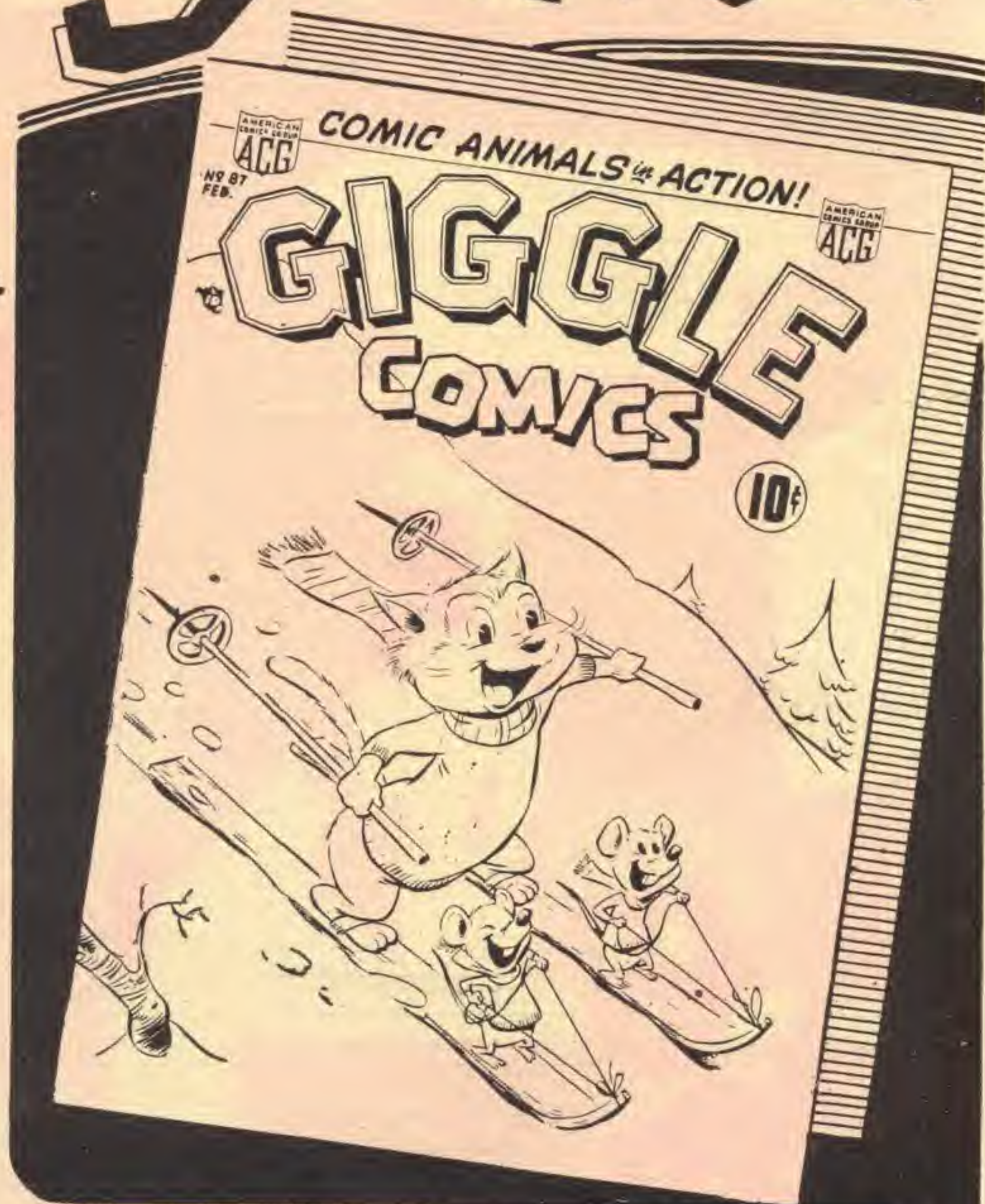
**WEB COMIC
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Funny? IT'S A RIOT!

A TORNADO OF GIGGLES--AN EARTH-QUAKE OF MIRTH! AND ALL IN THAT HEP, HOWL-PRODUCING MAGAZINE THAT'S GOT EVERYONE TALKING... AND LAUGHING!

IT'S STREAMLINED FOR SMILES!

So remember...
YOURS FOR GIGGLES
-- and
RESERVE
YOUR COPY
NOW!



only
10¢

GIGGLE COMICS



"COOKIE"

HEY, COOKIE! WHAT GIVES, MAN? WHERE YA GOIN' IN SUCH A BIG FAT HURRY?

DOWN T' JONES SPORTIN' GOODS STORE! GONNA GET SOME FISHIN' HOOKS!

SODA
JERKERIE



OH!... GOIN' FISHIN'?

NO!... I'M GONNA FLY A KITE! YA ALWAYS USE FISH HOOKS WHEN YA FLY KITES! AN' WHEN I GO FISHIN', I BUY A KITE!

VERY FUNNY! 1-2-3, LAUGH!

YA ASK A SILLY QUESTION, YA GET A SILLY ANSWER!





MAN! LOOKIT ALL THIS KEEN JAZZ! HOW'D YA LIKE TA HAVE ENOUGH DOUGH TA BUY THAT SPINNER REEL, COOK?

I WOULDN'T MIND HAVIN' THAT SHOT-GUN, EITHER, AND THAT TENNIS RACKET IS REAL GONE!



NO USE STANDIN' OUT HERE DROOLIN'! I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH FOR SOME FISH HOOKS!.. SO C'MON!

YEAH!



WHAT'LL IT BE, SON?

Y' GOT ANY FISH HOOKS?



NO, WE ONLY CARRY PIES AND CAKES! THIS IS A SPORTING GOODS STORE, Y' KNOW!



YA ASK A SILLY QUESTION, YA GET A SILLY ANSWER!

LIKE HE SAID!



AWRIGHT! AWRIGHT! SAVE THE COMEDY ACT FOR THE RETURN OF VAUDEVILLE! MEANWHILE, GET ME SOME FISH HOOKS, BUSTER!

OKAY, I'LL SEE IF THE FISH HAVE MADE ANY HOOKS LATELY! HAW!



BIG MAN! BIG DEAL! HO-HO, THAT'S RICH!

WOW! DIG THE KEEN BOWLING BALL, COOKIE!



WHOOM! BLAM! A STRIKE! BOY, HAS THIS GOT BALANCE, COOK!

REAL GONE, HUH? JEEPERS, I'VE ALLUS WANTED TA OWN MY OWN BOWLIN' BALL, JIT!





OH, FINE! LOOK, MISTER, HOW DOES A GUY GET ONE OF THESE THINGS OFF WHEN THEY GET STUCK?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY-ONE GET THEIR HAND STUCK IN A BOWLING BALL BEFORE!

HEY, I'VE GOT IT! YOU MUST HAVE SOME OIL AROUND HERE, SO PUT A FEW SQUIRTS AROUND THE HOLES AND---

LISTEN, SONNY BOY! NEITHER YOU NOR ANYONE ELSE IS GONNA START MESSIN' UP THAT BALL UNLESS YOU PAY FOR IT FIRST!



PAY FOR IT! HOLY HEP, I HAVEN'T GOT \$18.95!

HEY, MAYBE YOUR POP WOULD LET YOU HAVE IT, COOKIE!



LISTEN, FRACTURE-HEAD, IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA TELL MY POP I'M IN A SILLY SITUATION LIKE THIS, YOU'RE NUTS! NOW GET THIS, GO HOME AND GET MY SAVINGS BANK IN MY ROOM, AND DON'T LET MY MOM KNOW ABOUT IT!

OKAY! OKAY!



SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER-- I GOT IT! I GOT IT! I TOLD YOUR MOM I WANTED TO BORROW YOUR PITCHER'S GLOVE AND SHE LET ME RUMMAGE AROUND IN YOUR ROOM!

GULP! I HOPE THERE'S \$18.95 IN IT! YOU'LL WANT A HAMMER, AND I'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO LEND YOU ONE!



SO-- YIPE! THERE'S ONLY 18 DOLLARS AND 80 CENTS HERE! I'M SUNK!

NO, YOU'RE NOT! YOU'VE STILL GOT THE 15 CENTS YOU WERE GONNA USE T' BUY FISH HOOKS!

THAT'S RIGHT



18 DOLLARS AND 70-80-95 CENTS! EXACTLY RIGHT, AND CONGRATULATIONS! I'M SURE YOUR NEW BALL WILL BRING YOU MANY HOURS OF ENJOYMENT!

WHAT?



YOU LAME-BRAINED IDIOT! HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO GET MANY HOURS OF ENJOYMENT OUTA SOMETHIN' THAT'S STUCK ON MY HAND TIGHTER THAN THE ZIPPER OF A MISER'S BILLFOLD? FOR TWO CENTS, I'D SLUG YOU WITH THIS THING!

FORGET IT, COOKIE! C'MON, WE'LL GO OVER TO MY PLACE AND GET SOME OIL!

WODDEYA MEAN, GO OVER TO YOUR PLACE?
I CAN'T GO RUNNIN' AROUND WITH THIS ON
MY HAND! I'D BE THE
LAUGHINGSTOCK OF
THE WHOLE TOWN!

GULF! I SEE WHAT'CHA
MEAN! WAIT, I'VE GOT
IT! WAIT HERE TILL
I GET BACK!

LATER STILL--

HEY, COOK! YOU'RE IN LIKE SCHWINN!
THIS IS IT! RELAX, BOY! WITH THIS
JUNK, YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER!

ARE
YOU
CRAZY?

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT JITTERBUCK'S HOME---

WOW! THIS IS PERFECT! NOW I'LL GET SOME
OF MOM'S OLD CLOTHES, THE END OFF THE MOP,
AND MY ROLLER SKATES, AND
I'LL BE ALL SET!

LIKE A FOX, BUSTER! I DRESS THIS
THING LIKE SO, AND THEN PUT THE
SKATES UNDER IT! NOW PUT
THE BALL ON TOP!

HEY! NOW
I GET IT!

LIKE SO?

YEAH, ONLY TURN YOUR HAND TO
THIS SIDE SO IT LOOKS LIKE
YOU GOT YOUR ARM AROUND IT!

KEEN! NOW I PUT THE MOP ON
FOR HAIR, AND MY MOM'S HAT
WITH THE VEIL, AND WE
CAN LEAVE!

JIT, YOU'RE
A GENIUS!
LET'S GO!

NOT SO FAST, COOK! PEOPLE MIGHT
THINK IT'S FUNNY SEEIN' YOU
RUNNIN' DOWN THE STREET
WITH A BABE!

YEAH,
THAT'S
RIGHT!

COOKIE!

ANGELPUSS!

YOU TWO-TIMING HEEL! WALKING AROUND WITH YOUR ARM AROUND ANOTHER GIRL! -- I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! -- TAKE THAT!



WHAT A BIG FAT MESS THIS IS! I NOT ONLY HAVE MY HAND STUCK IN A BALL, BUT I'VE LOST MY GIRL, TOO!



HOLD IT, COOKIE! THE SIGNAL'S AGAINST US!

WELL, I'LL BE...!!! YOU THERE! IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVEY-DOVEY WITH YOUR GIRL FRIEND, DO IT AT HOME, NOT ON THE STREET!



NOW TAKE YOUR ARM FROM AROUND THAT GIRL!

BUT.. BUT.. OFFICER! I.. I.. I..

I'LL COUNT THREE FOR YOU TO TAKE YOUR ARM DOWN, OR I'M RUNNIN' YOU ALL IN!

GULP! ..OKAY!



YEE-I-I-I! HE PULLED HER HEAD OFF!



HOLY HANNAH! HE FAINTED!

RUN FOR IT, JIM! IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR US WHEN HE WAKES UP!



HURRY UP AND GET THAT THING UP HERE BEFORE SOMEBODY ELSE SEES THIS SET-UP AND LYNCHES US!

I'M COMIN'! I'M COMIN'!



YIPE! HERE COMES ANGELPUSS AGAIN! GO BACK! GO BACK!

OH, NO!





I'M DUMPIN' THIS THING, COOKIE! I'LL SEE YA!

HOLY COW! I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY EITHER! I'LL RUN INTO THAT COP!... HEY! I'VE GOT IT!... THAT TRASH CAN!



ER-- HELLO, ANGELPUSS!

THAT WASN'T A GIRL FRIEND, HONEST! I CAN'T EXPLAIN, BUT YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN, ANGEL! NO ONE WILL!

YOU AGAIN! DON'T SPEAK TO ME!



YOU BETTER FIND COVER, LADY! THERE'S A MANIAC LOOSE-- JUST PULLED A WOMAN'S HEAD OFF! THE GUY HAS BLACK BUSHY HAIR, AND HE'S ONLY SO HIGH!

BLACK BUSHY HAIR? SHORT?.. NO WONDER HE SAID NO ONE WOULD SEE HER AGAIN! HERE'S THE PERSON YOU WANT, OFFICER!



AT LAST I'VE CAUGHT YA, YA FIEND!

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, OFFICER!

OH, NO? WHERE'S THE GIRL THAT WAS WITH YA THEN?

BOO-HOO! HOW COULD HE? SOB!

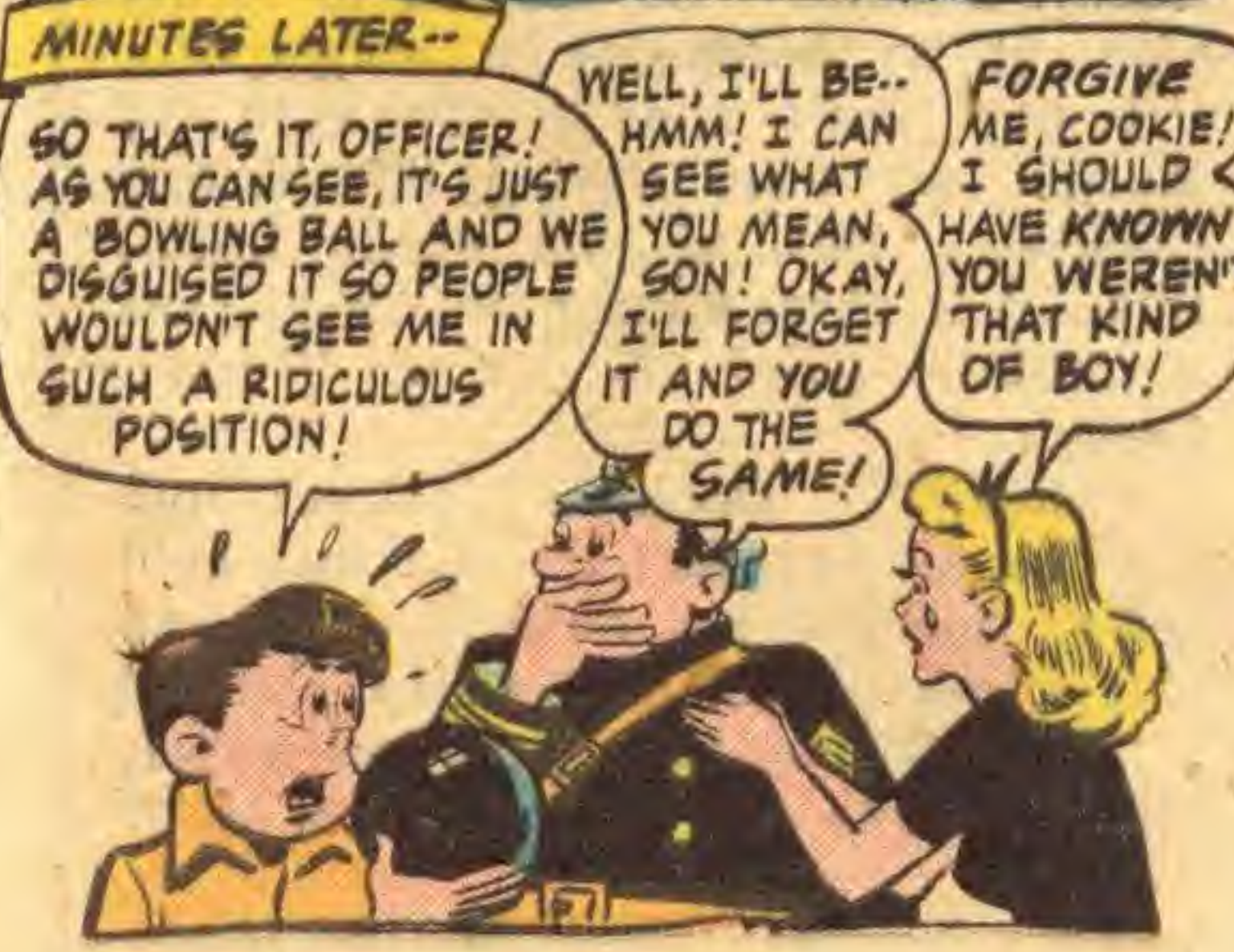


SHE WENT THAT WAY! OOPS!

YEE-I-I-I! THE HEAD!



HOLY COW! I'M SAVED! THE BALL CAME OFF! NOW I CAN EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING!



MINUTES LATER--

SO THAT'S IT, OFFICER! AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S JUST A BOWLING BALL AND WE DISGUISED IT SO PEOPLE WOULDN'T SEE ME IN SUCH A RIDICULOUS POSITION!

WELL, I'LL BE-- HMM! I CAN SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, SON! OKAY, I'LL FORGET IT AND YOU DO THE SAME!

FORGIVE ME, COOKIE! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WEREN'T THAT KIND OF BOY!



AND SO--

HEY, COOK! THIS HASSLE TURNED OUT SWELL, HUH? YOU GOT A KEEN NEW BOWLING BALL, BOY!

YEAH! IT ONLY COST ME \$18.95, A SOCK ON THE JAW, AND ALMOST THE LOSS OF MY GIRL-- NOT COUNTIN' HAVIN' THE LAW CHASIN' ME, TOO!

THE END

Cookie and the BRAZEN HUSSY

COOKIE WAS KEENLY disappointed in the behaviour of Angel Wither-
spoon, a girl whom he adored with an
endless adoration. And to make mat-
ters worse, she was even prettier
tonight than usual, if that were possi-
ble.

Maybe it was the new dress she was
wearing, a cloudlike affair of some
pale blue material that seemed to
billow about her. Or maybe, Cookie
gulped at the thought, it was the
sparkle in her eyes, put there by that
guy, the big goon! Who'd invited
him, anyway?

The evening had started beautifully.
Cookie, calling for Angel, had escorted
her to the party where he was now
having such a miserable time. They'd
danced and talked and then Cookie had
gone to get Angel some soda pop.
And, when he'd returned, she was
dancing with that...that...

"Big lunk!" There was a burning
resentment in Cookie's heart as he
took stock of his new rival. He was
tall, of course. Much taller than
Cookie! And maybe he was good-
looking in a wishy-washy way! And
he seemed to be saying things that
made Angel laugh a lot!

Cookie felt like a dope, just stand-
ing there and holding his girl's soda
pop while his girl danced with another
guy...and enjoyed it! "Maybe I just
oughta go home," he thought. "She'll
never miss me! And then, when she
looks around, she'll wonder...an' feel
bad...aah! That's no good! Maybe I
ought'a try gettin' her back! That's
it!"

Squirming through the dancers,
Cookie tapped Angel's partner lightly
on the shoulder.

"Cut?" he inquired.

It was Angelpuss who answered.
"Oh, no, Cookie, if you don't mind!
Ron is telling me the *funniest* story
and he's such a *divine* dancer..."

Cookie retired quickly. He was no
longer hurt. He was fighting mad!
"All right," he snapped, draining
Angel's bottle of soda pop at one gulp,
"if *that's* how it's gonna be, watch
me!"

There was a pretty brunette in the
room. Cookie had noticed her earlier
that evening. She'd had a gay laugh
and flashing teeth and a flirtatious
manner. She'd seemed kinda cute to
Cookie, but that was while he was
still being loyal to Angelpuss.

Now, however, there were no more
loyalties. Angelpuss had shown her
preference for another. Cookie was
free! He cut in on the guy who was
dancing with the pretty brunette.

"I figured it's time we got sort of
acquainted," he said.

The brunette flashed that sparkling
smile and sent a shower of tinkling
laughter into the air. "Oh, isn't that
cute!" she exclaimed.

Cookie winced. He hadn't said
anything funny that he knew. She was
just a dumb dame who'd laugh at
anything, to show she was having a
great time! Oh, well, he'd have to see
it through.

"My name's Cookie," he offered.
"Cookie O'Toole!"

Again the shower of tinkling laugh-
ter. "Oh, that's *cute!*"

Suddenly, there was an icy voice at
Cookie's back. He seemed to recog-
nize it as belonging to Angelpuss.
"If you don't mind," she said, "I
thought *we* were having this dance,
Cookie! But, if you prefer this...
this..." a phrase came to Angel from
a romantic novel she'd read, "*brazen,
bussy...*"

"Angel!" Cookie's instinct told
him Angel was jealous and that he'd
better not put her straight. "I was
just bein' sociable while you..."

"Then be sociable," ordered Angel,
slipping into his arms, "with me!"

GENIUS *on* WHEELS



I'M DOIN' A RE-DESIGN JOB ON THE MOTOR!

RE-DESIGN JOB? BUT **THAT** TAKES A MECHANICAL ENGINEER!

NAW! IT'S **EASY!**

I'M BUILDIN' THIS FROM THE GROUND UP! PUTTIN' IN A CRAM WITH A DIFFERENT CONTOUR, PUSH-ROD OVERHEAD VALVES, CHANGING THE ROD STROKE AND---

WOD HE SAY?

Y-YOU MEAN YOU CAN DO ALL THAT WITH **THIS** JUNK?

THAT'S NOT **JUNK**, MEATHEAD! EVERY SINGLE PART THERE HAS A PLACE TO GO!

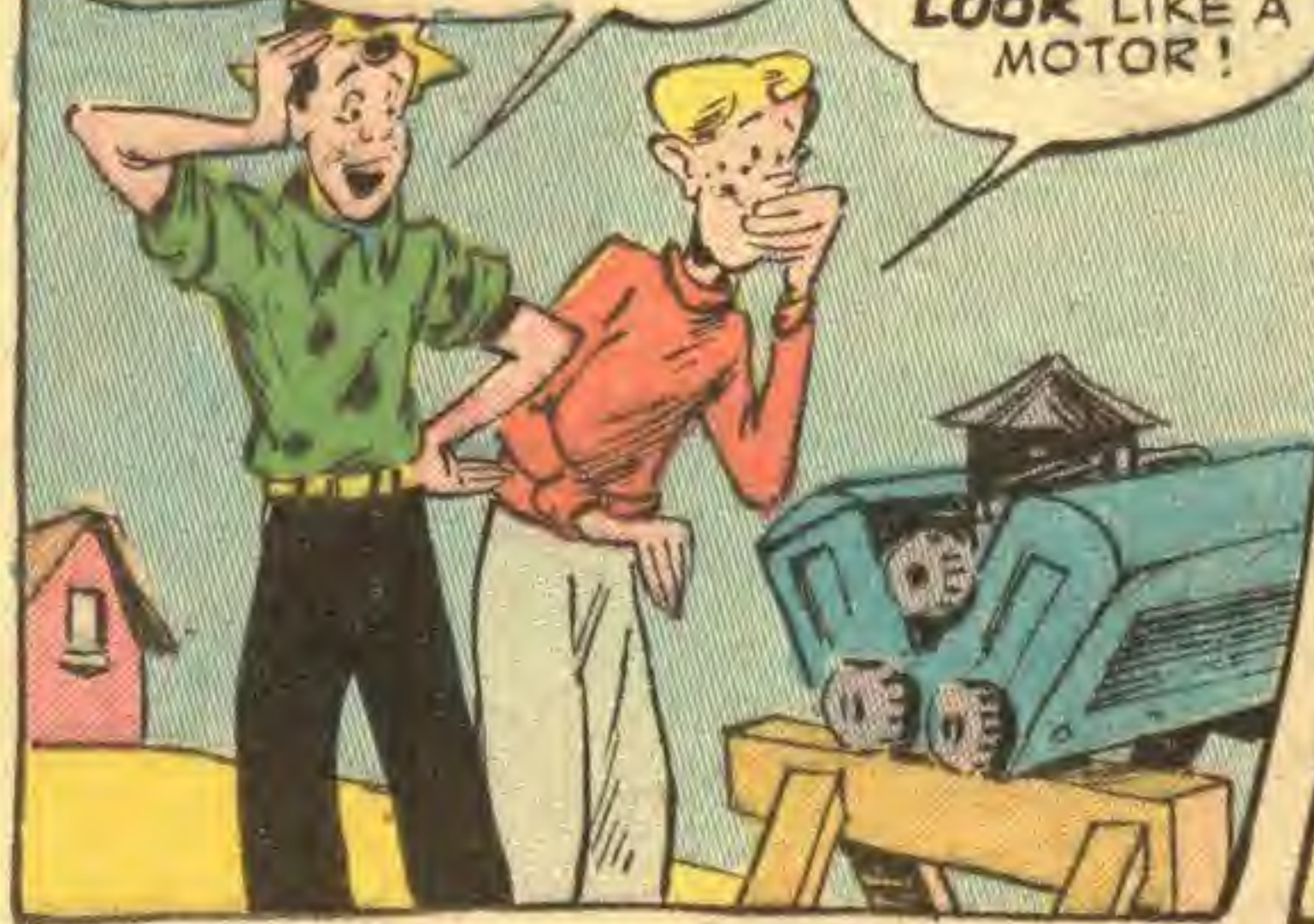
THIS I GOTTA SEE!

OKAY! STICK AROUND!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

WELL, SHE'S DONE!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PUT
IT BACK IN THE CAR!

HAW!
THAT THING
DOESN'T EVEN
LOOK LIKE A
MOTOR!



MORE TIME PASSES AND...

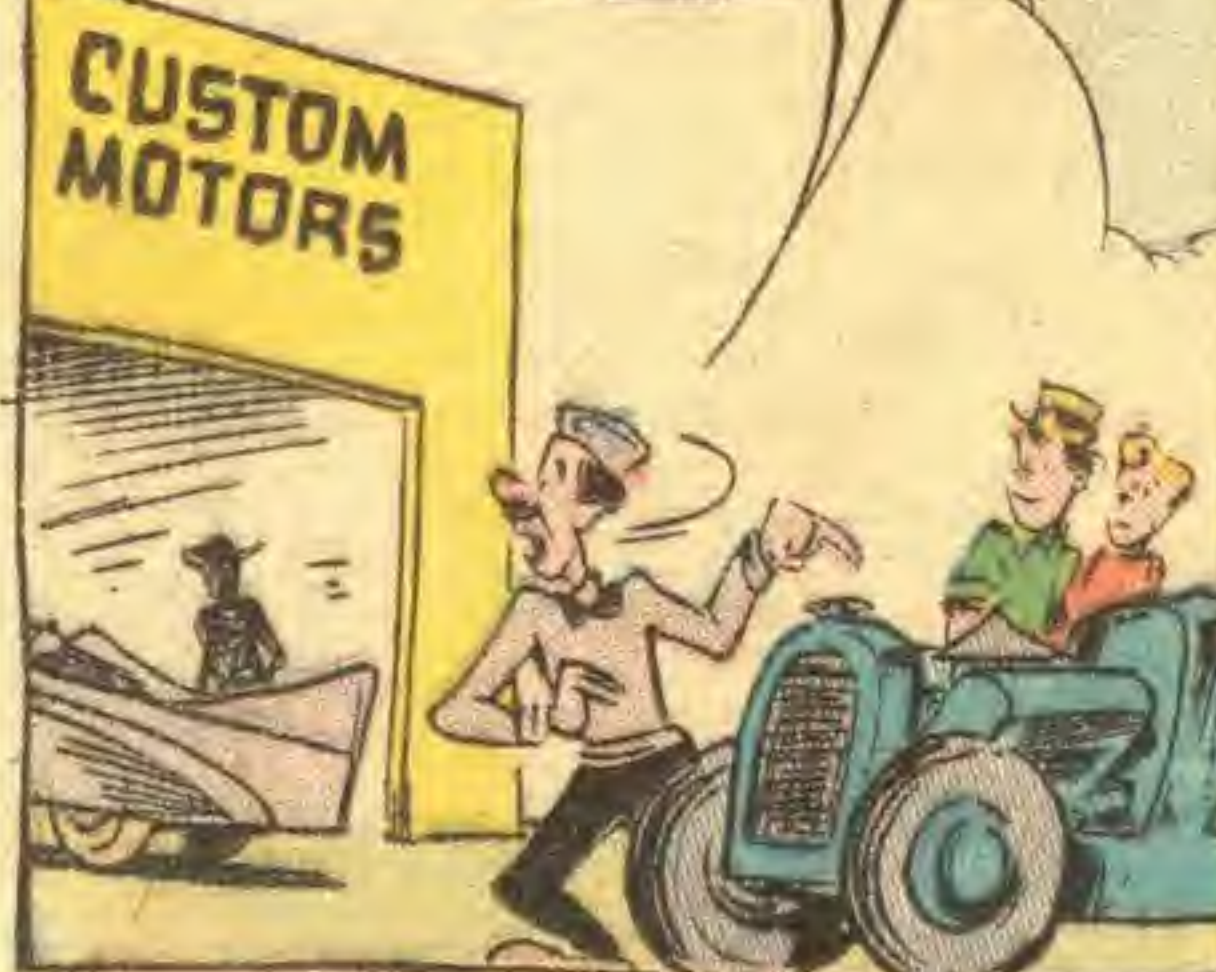
HUN?? IT RUNS?!

SURE! JUMP IN,
I'M GONNA GO SEE
WHAT THE GUYS THAT
ARE BUILDIN' THAT
INDIANAPOLIS RACER
THINK OF IT!



MINUTES LATER...

HEY, TEX! COME
HERE AND LOOK AT
THIS THING!



I'LL BE DARNED!
YOUNG FELLA, THIS
MOTOR'S SENSATIONAL!
YOU'RE A MECHANICAL
GENIUS!



HI, MOM!

OH, TOMMY...
PUT THE MEAT
GRINDER TO-
GETHER AND
GRIND UP THAT
STEAK, WILL
YOU?



HM!



HMNN-N!



HEY! HOW DOES THIS
GO TOGETHER, MOM?

COOKIE

JEEPERS, COOKIE--
YOU'RE ALWAYS
BEGGIN' FOR
TROUBLE!

AW--WOT COULD
BE UNLUCKY ABOUT
WALKIN' UNDER
A LADDER?



JUST THINK, I'LL BE
ABLE TO SAY I KNEW HIM
WHEN HE WAS KNEE HIGH
TO A BASKETBALL
PLAYER! HA-HA--

WHY,
YOU--

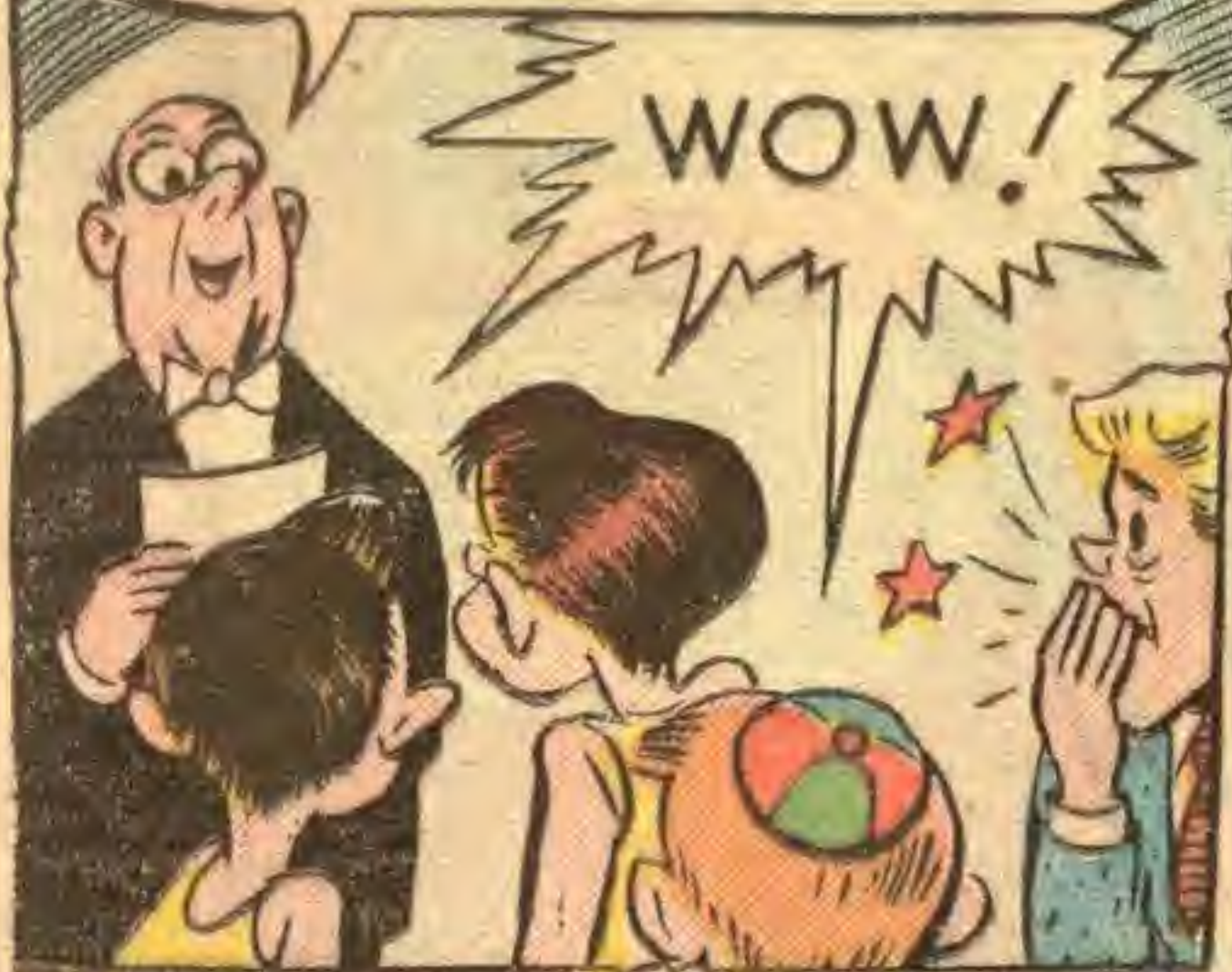


GENTLE-
MEN,
PLEASE!

BLAM!

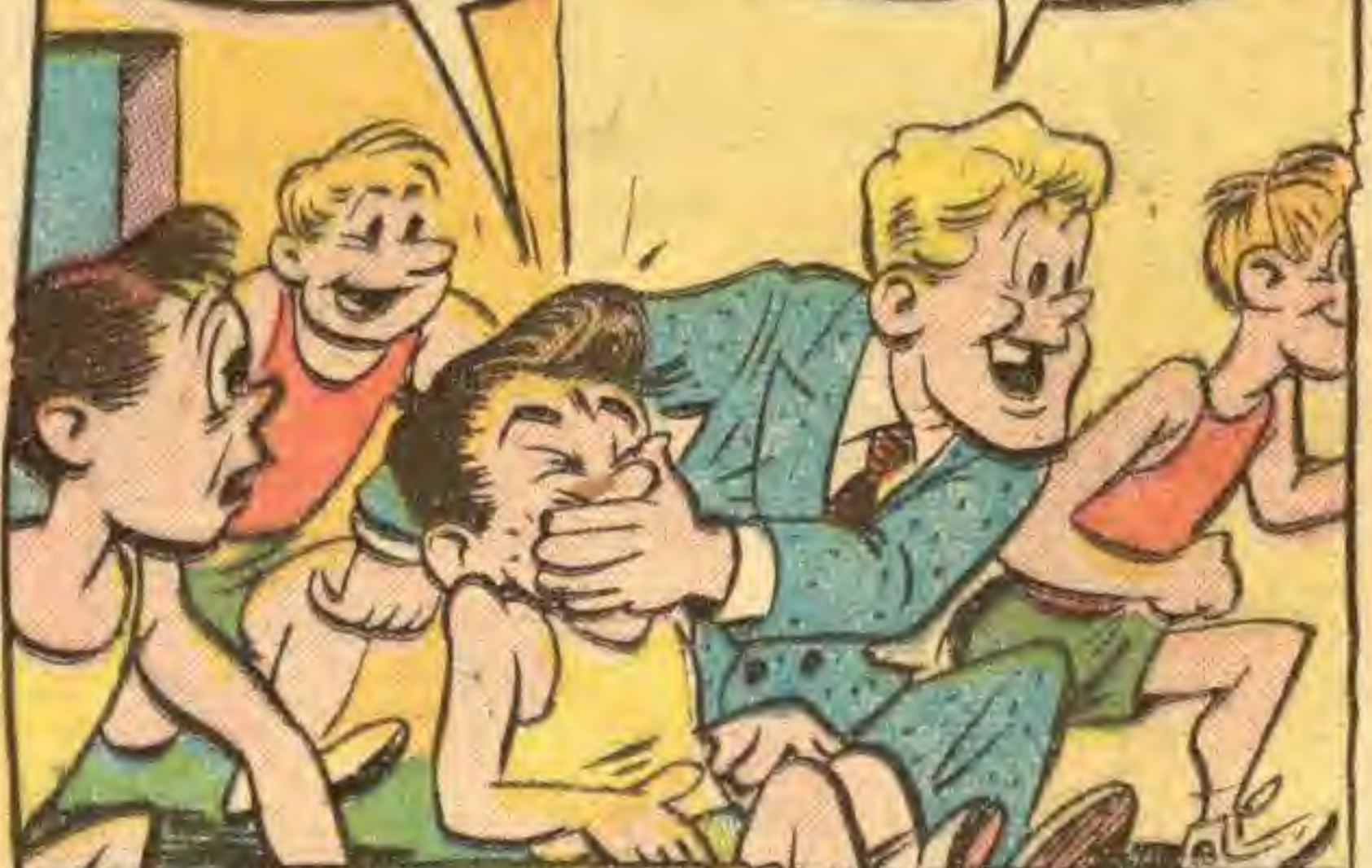


I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT THE FACULTY HAS DECIDED TO HAVE A **DANCE** FOLLOWING TONIGHT'S BASKETBALL GAME!



I GOTTA CALL ANGELPUSS **QUICK**, AND ASK HER FOR A--**MMMF**!

OH, NO YOU **DON'T**, SHORTY... LET **ME** BE THE FIRST TO CALL THAT DOLL!



NUTS! I CAN BE DRESSED AN' OVER TO HER HOUSE BEFORE HE GETS TO USE **THAT** PHONE!

SURE, COOKIE, **SURE!**

IF THAT GUY ZOOT THINKS HE CAN BEAT **MY** TIME, HE'S **CRAZY!**





HOLY SOX!
MY CLOTHES...
THEY'RE GONE!

YA SURE?



SURE, I'M SURE!
--JEEPERS, JIT--
WOT'LL I DO?
ANGEL'LL THINK
I DON'T WANT
TO GO WITH HER!

HOLD IT, KID--LOOK!
YOU WEAR MINE--
--YOURS MUST BE
AROUND HERE SOME-
PLACE! I'LL FIND 'EM
AN' MEET YOU AT THE
SODA JERKERIE
LATER!



JIT, YOU'RE A **PAL**--
REMIND ME TO
MENTION YOU
IN MY WILL!

NEVER MIND THAT!
JUST DON'T PUT ANY
NEW BAGS IN THEM
PANTS--IT'LL SPOIL
THE DRAPE!



So, for an hour, he looks!

C'MON, SON-- I
CAN'T WAIT ANY
LONGER! I GOTTA
LOCK THIS JOINT
TILL 7:30 TO-
NIGHT!

BUT I CAN'T
FIND COOKIE'S
CLOTHES--AN'
I **CAN'T** GO
OUT LIKE
THIS!



WHY NOT? I'VE SEEN
'EM IN THE NEWSREEL
RUNNIN' AROUN' LIKE
THAT--THEY CALL
THEMSELVES
MARATHONERS
OR SOMETHIN'--

UMMM--



THAT GUY DIDN'T
HAVE SUCH A
BAD IDEA AT
THAT! I
HOPE I GET
AWAY WITH
IT!

HEY, JOEY--LOOKIT
THE SCREWBALL
IN HIS UNDER-
WEAR!

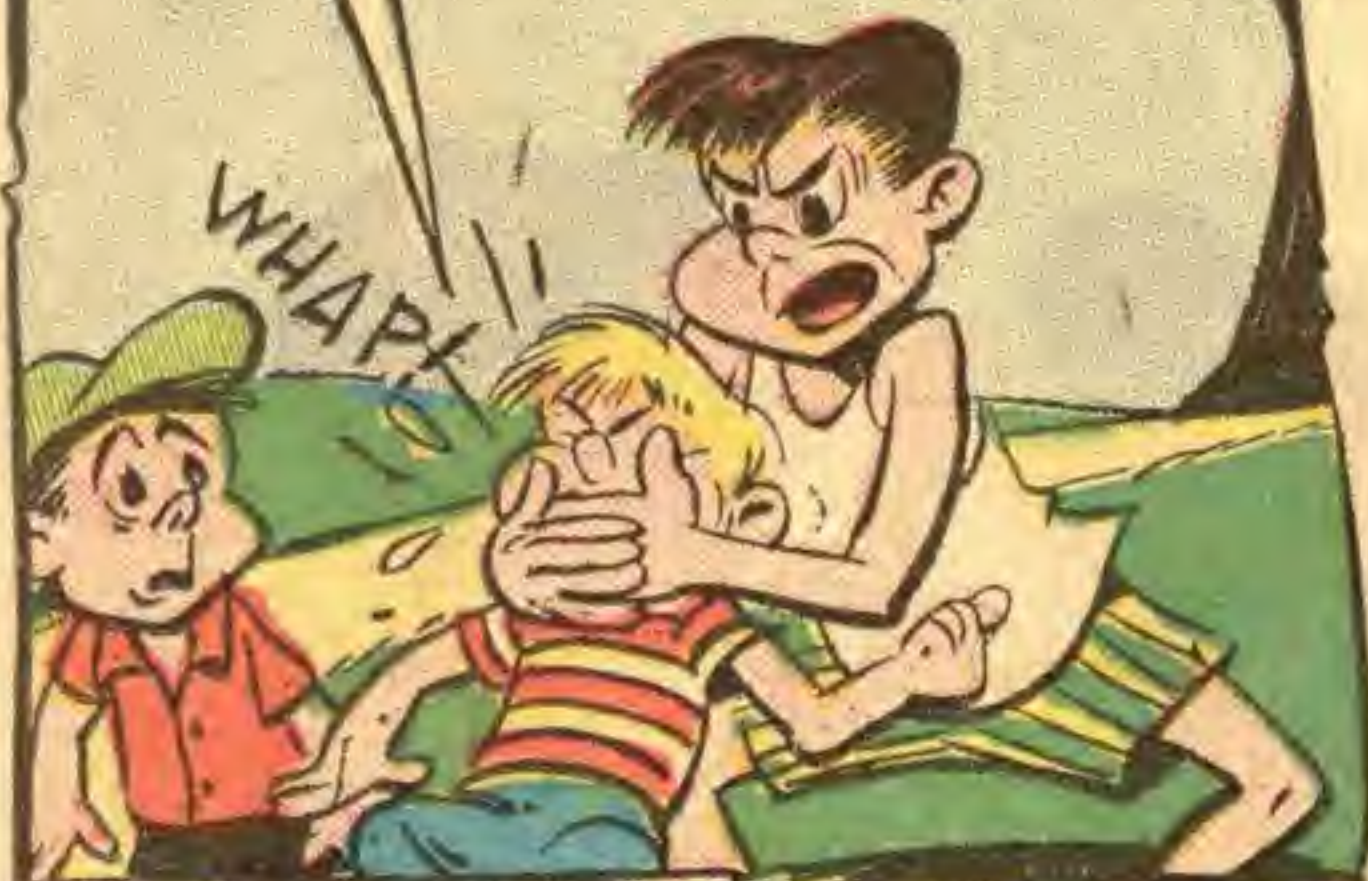
WE
BETTER
CALL A
COP--HE
LOOKS
DANGEROUS
TO ME!

HEY, OFFICER
MC DINNY--
LOOK AT
THE--UMMP!

QUIET, YA BRAT!
I'M AN' **ATHLETE**--
ONE OF THOSE
LONG DISTANCE
RUNNERS,
SEE!

BALONEY--IF YOU
WAS ONE OF THEM
YA'D HAVE A **NUMBER**
ON YER BACK...AN'
YOU DON'T!

A NUMBER--HEH--
ER--WELL, WOT D'YA
KNOW? I FORGOT
IT! ER--LOOK, BE A
GOOD SCOUT AN'
PUT A NUMBER **ON**
FOR ME--HEY, PAL?

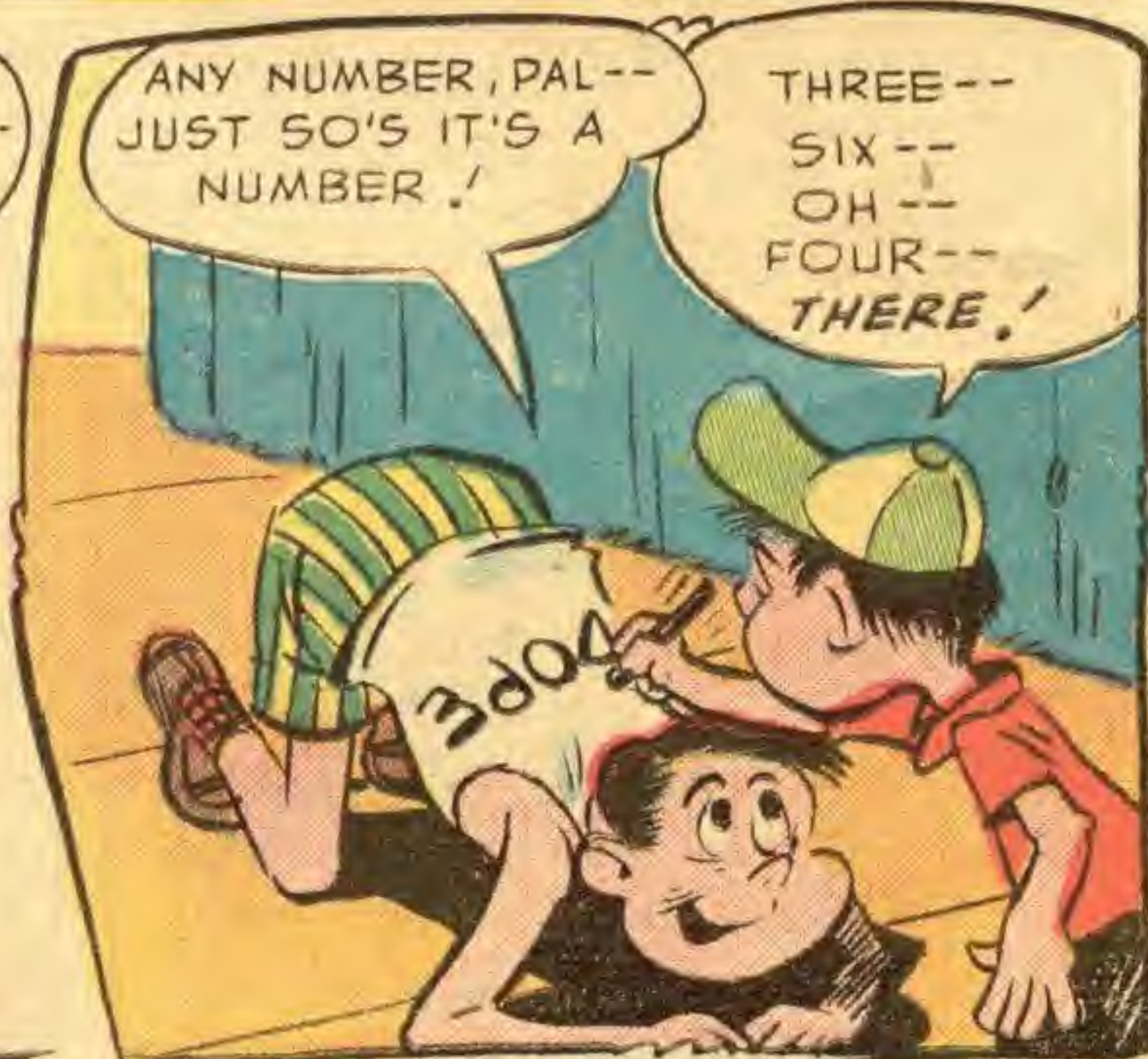
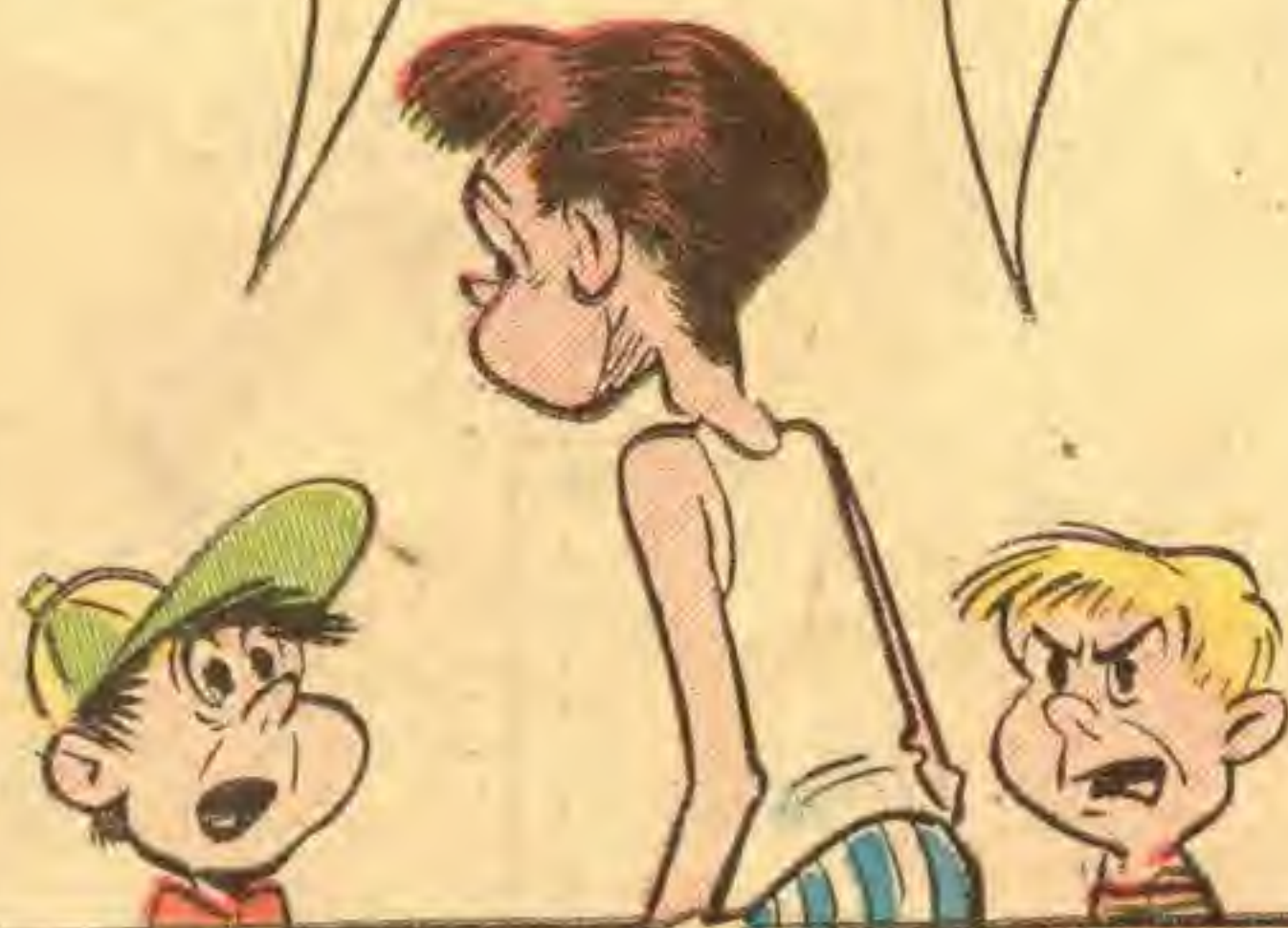


OKAY--BUT BEND
OVER--YOU'RE
TOO BIG FER ME
TA REACH!

AW--DA GUY'S
A PHONEY--JOEY--
I WOULDN'T DO
IT FER HIM!

ANY NUMBER, PAL--
JUST SO'S IT'S A
NUMBER!

THREE--
SIX--
OH--
FOUR--
THERE!



THANKS,
PAL!

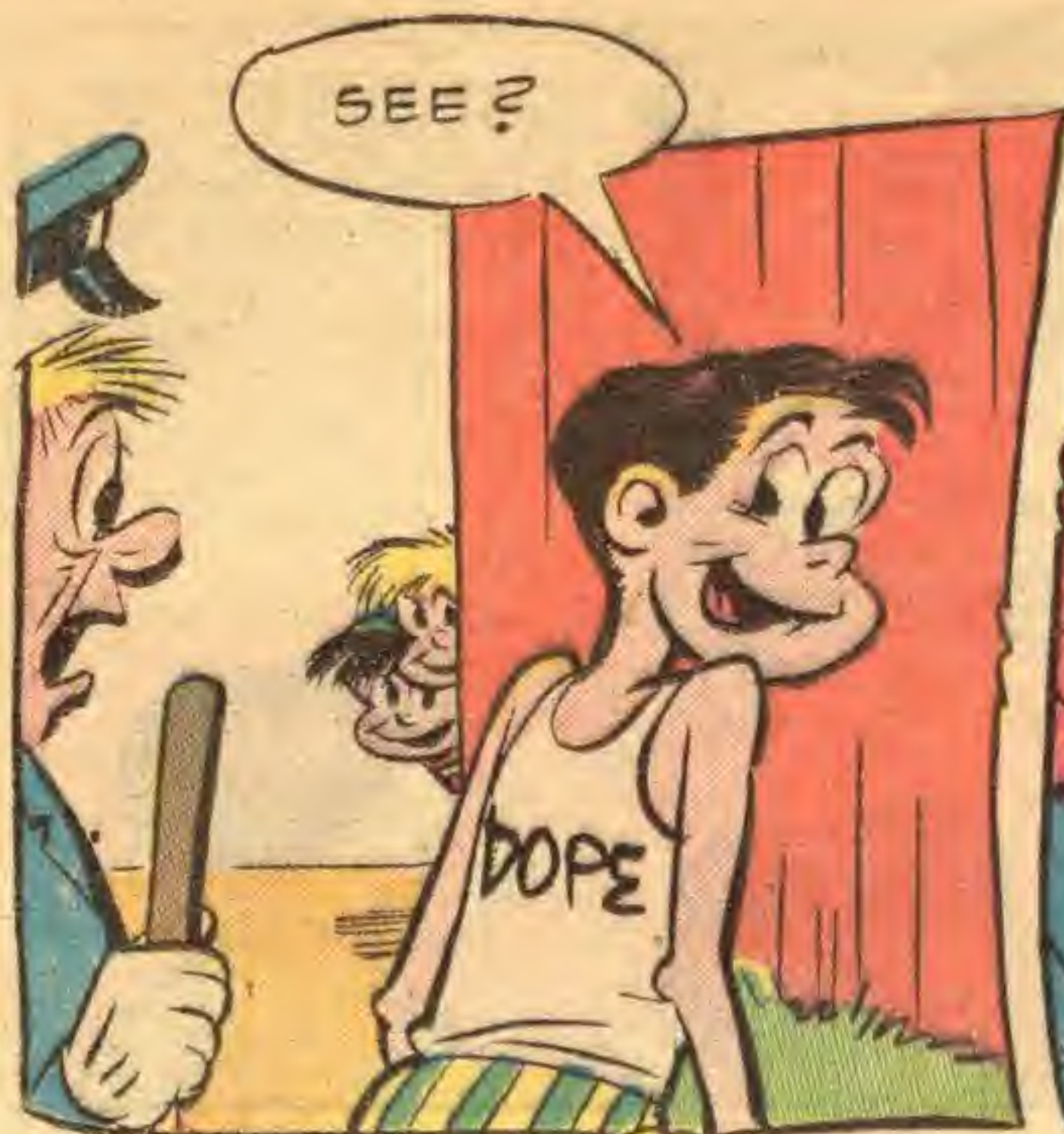
BUT YA PUT IT ON
UPSIDE DOWN!

IS THAT
BAD--
WATCH!

JUST A MINUTE,
FANCY PANTS--AN'
WHO D'YA THINK
YEZ ARE IN
THET THERE
NOODIST
GET-UP?

WHO, ME? OH,
I'M AN' **ATHLETE**,
A CROSS-COUNTRY
RUNNER--GOT A
NUMBER ON MY
BACK AND EVERY
THING!





SEE?

DOPE



SO YE'D MAKE FOOLISH WITH THE **LAW**, WOULD YA? YA **HEATHEN**--

WOT HAPPENED TA HIM?

WHOOOOOSH!



AN' DON'T LET ME KETCH YEZ WITHOUT YER CLOTHES AGAIN, OR I'LL RUN YEZ IN --

YYYYESSSS, SSSIIIRRR!

So a few minutes later at the Soda Jerkerie --

DON'T TELL ME WHERE YOU FOUND **YOUR CLOTHES**, COOKIE--I THINK I CAN GUESS!

YEAH, THE RAT! BUT I BEAT HIM TO A DATE WITH ANGELPUSS!

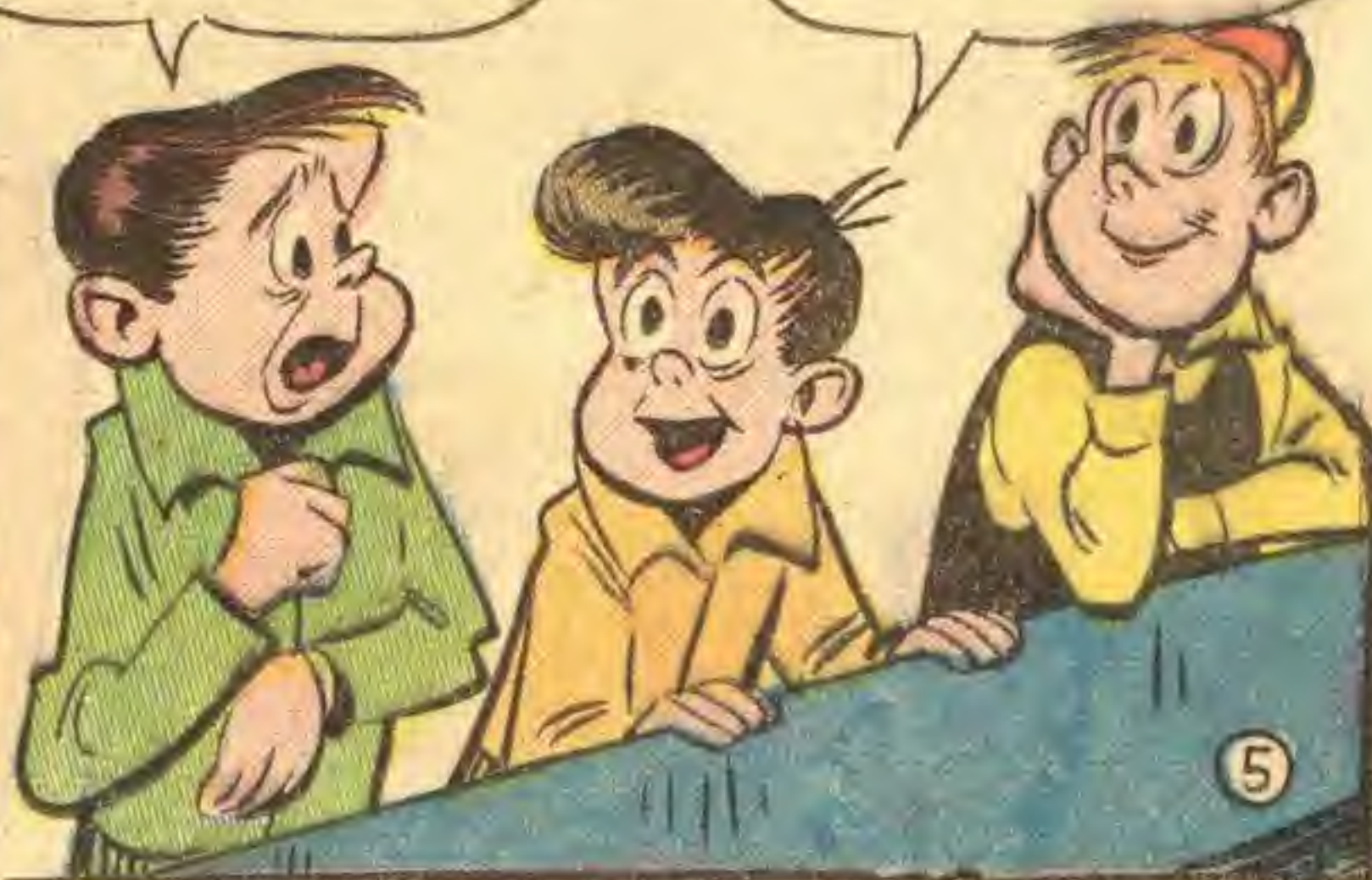


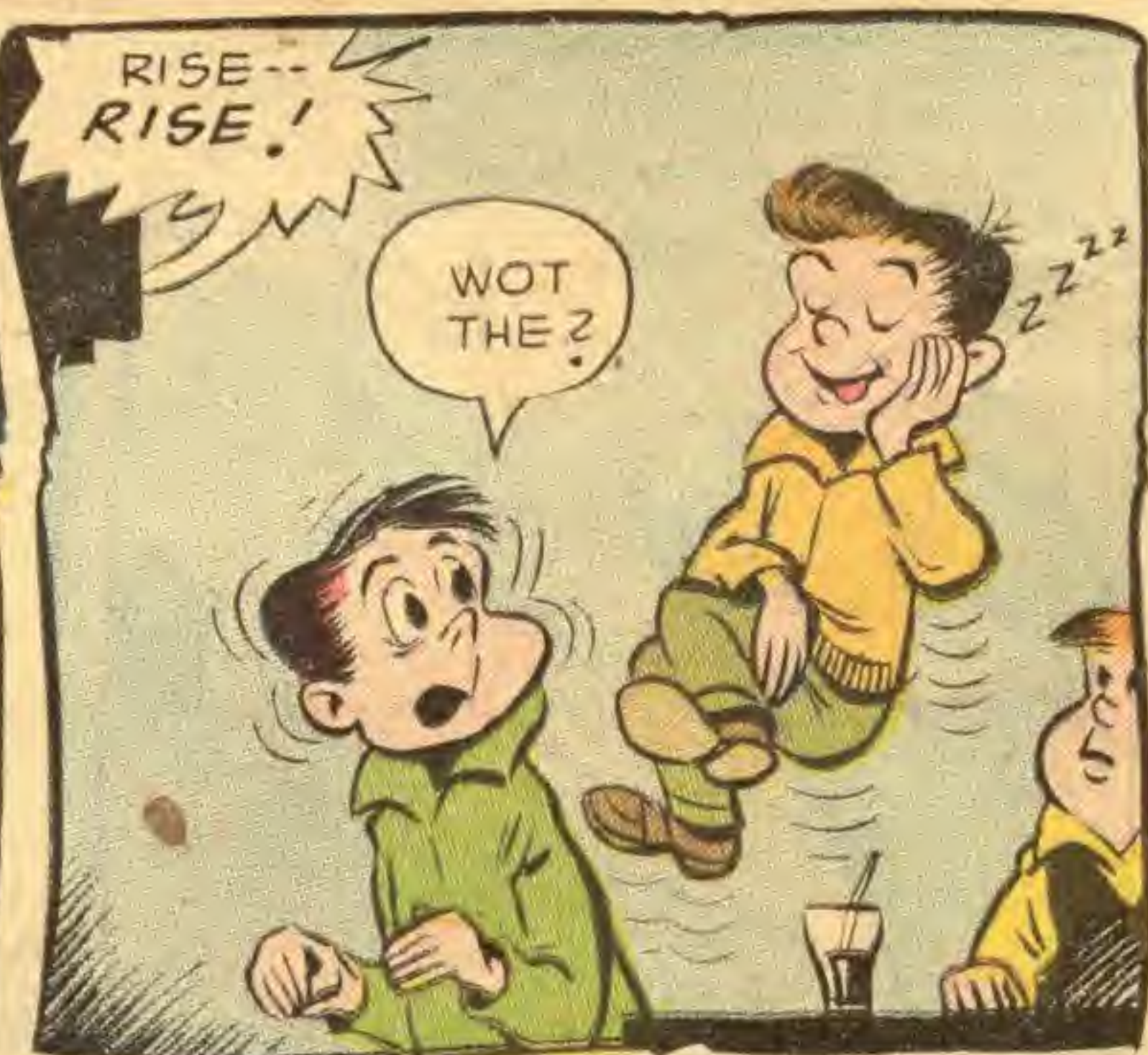
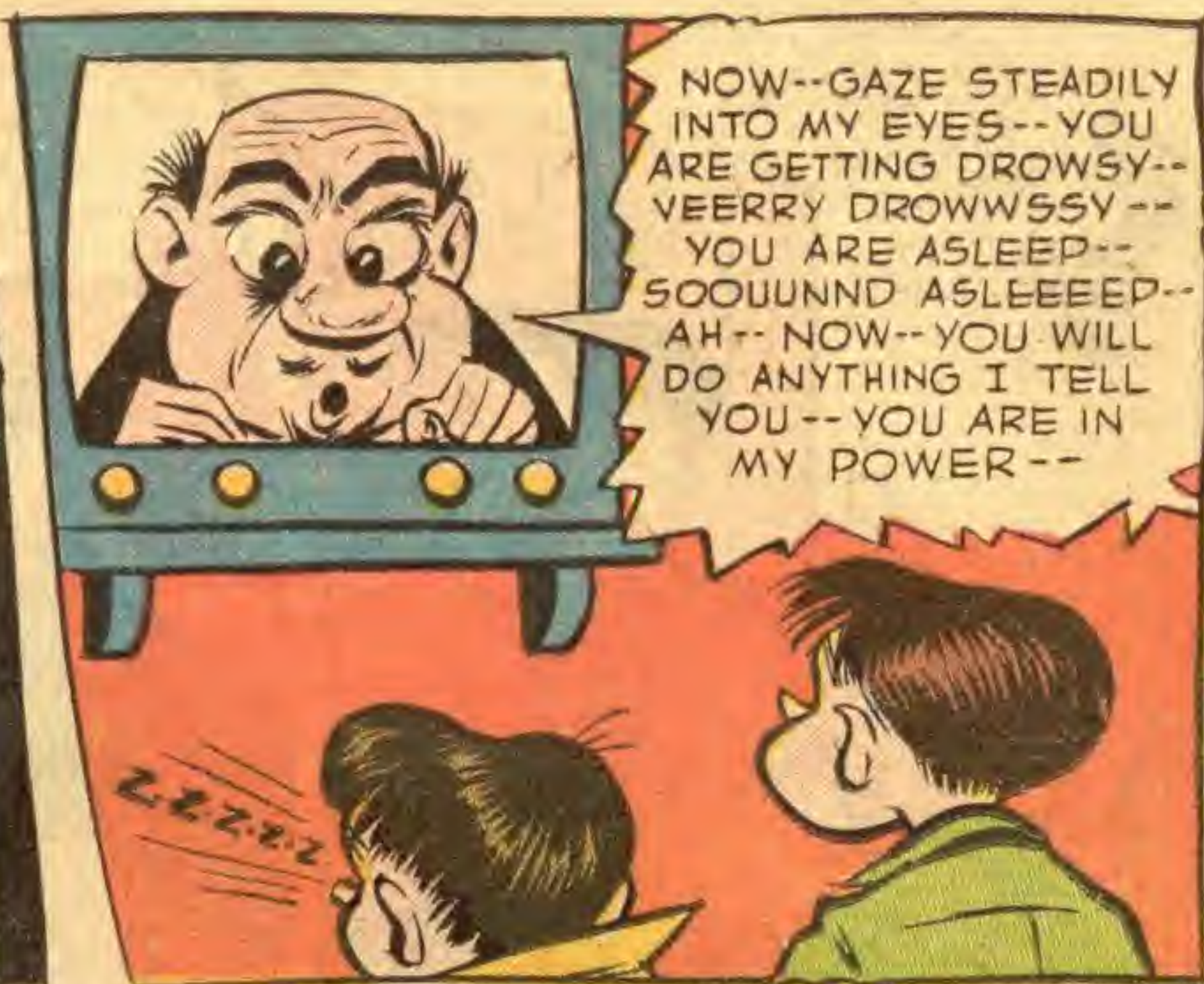
HEY, COOK--HERE'S THAT TELEVISION PROGRAM YOU WERE WAITIN' FOR!

OKAY, HEP!

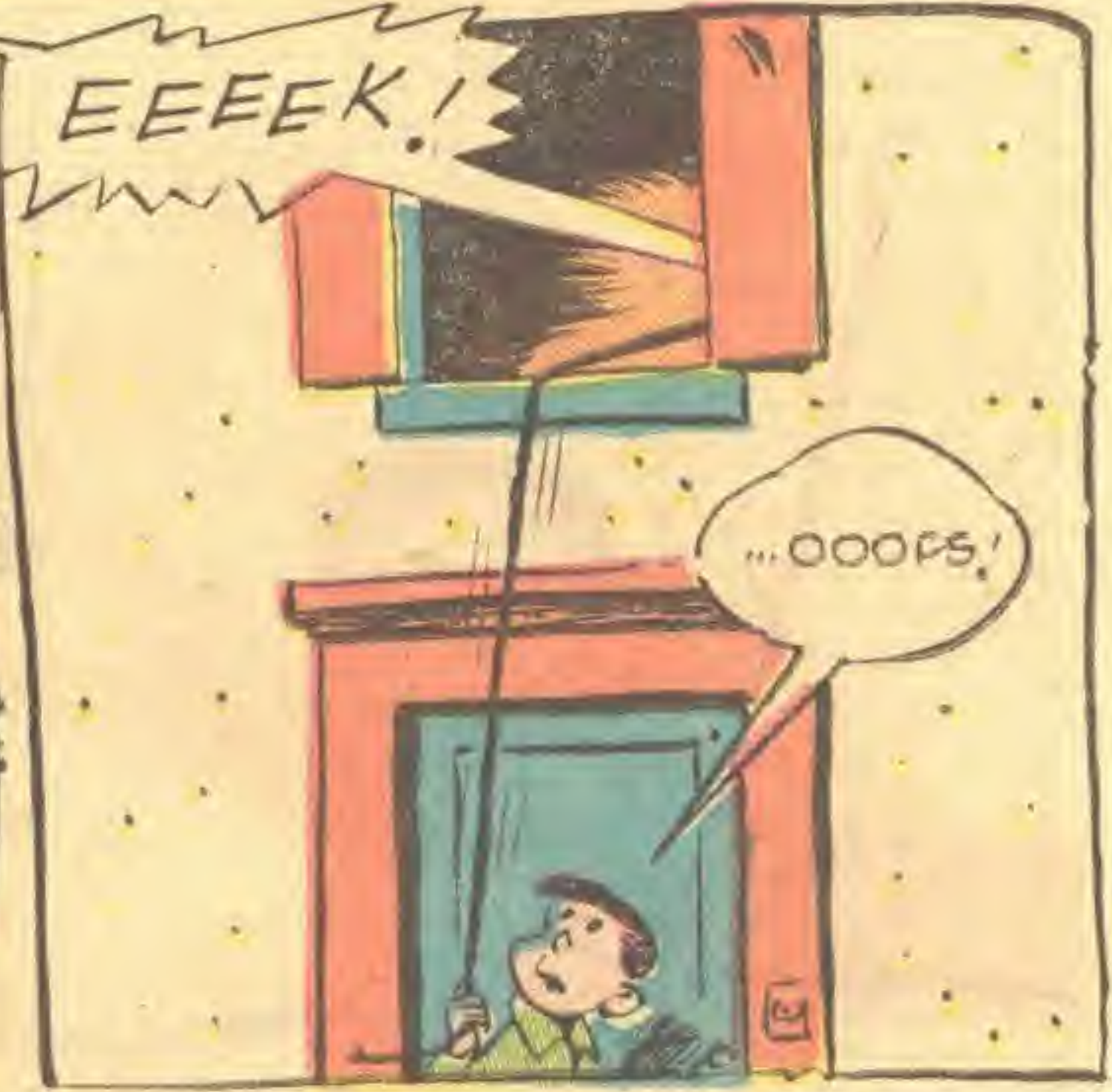
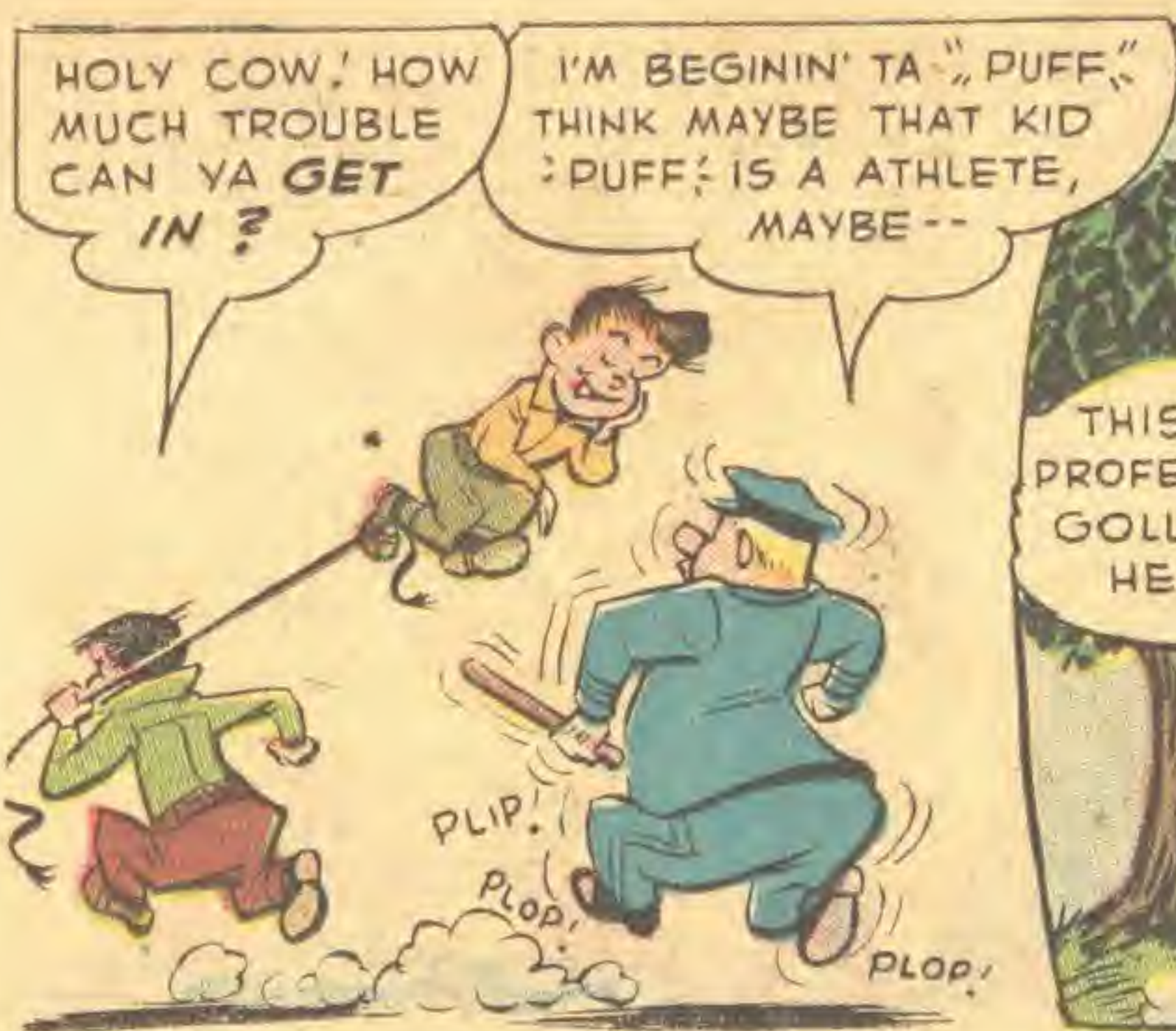
BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT **TIME**, COOKIE! REMEMBER, YOU GOT A DATE WITH ANGEL AN' YOU GOTTA PLAY IN THE GAME TONIGHT, TOO!

YEAH--I KNOW--BUT THIS PROGRAM ONLY LASTS FIFTEEN MINUTES--IT'S ABOUT **HYPNOTISM**!











DON'T GET IT!
WHY CAN'T HE
SEE ME NOW?

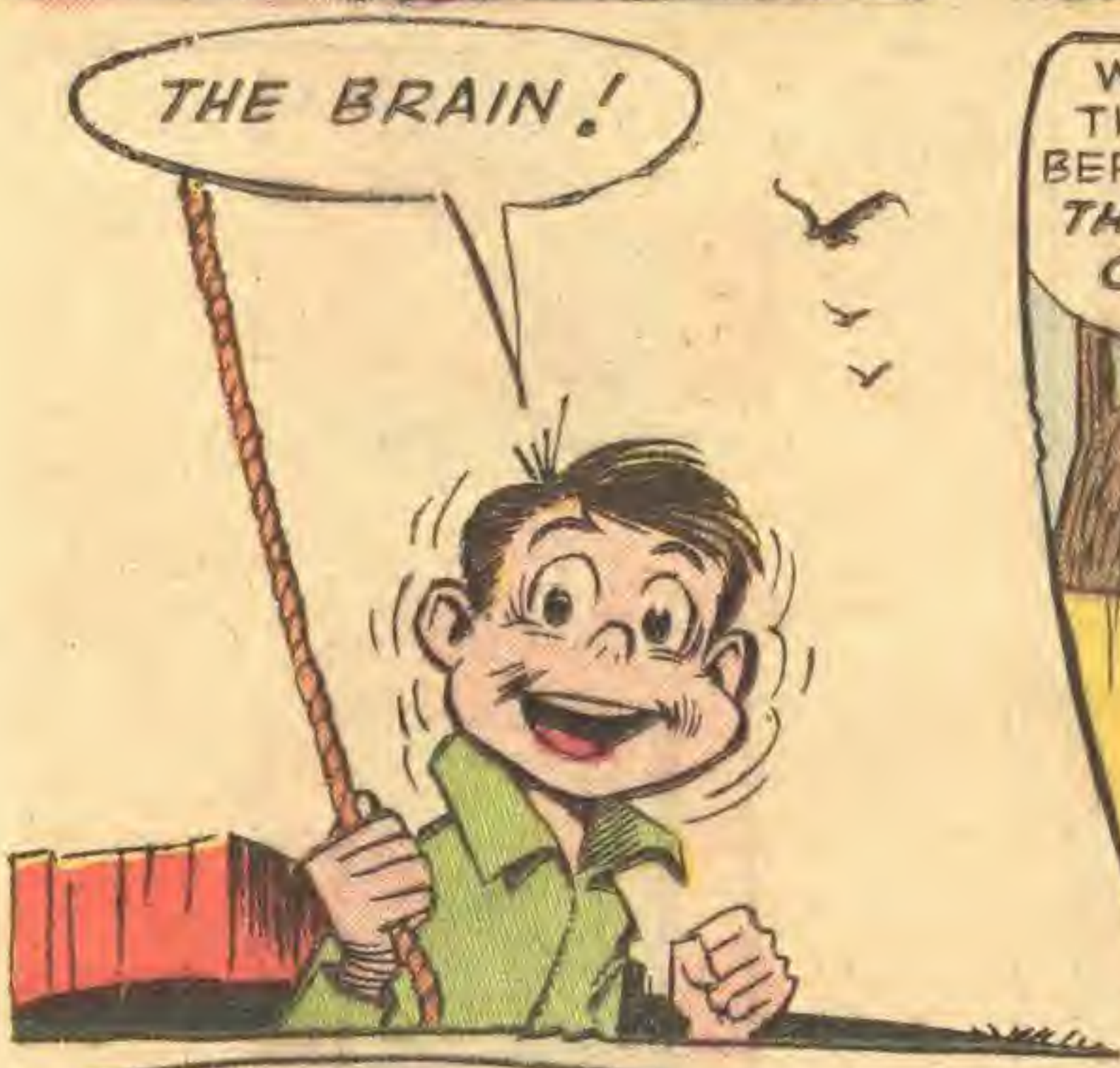
BECAUSE HIS DEAR
WIFE GAVE HIM A
SEVERE **HEADACHE**,
SO THERE!



JEEPERS, WOT'LL I DO? I CAN'T
BRING HIM HOME LIKE **THIS**! IT'D
SCARE HIS MOM SILLY! WHO DO I
KNOW THAT KNOWS SOMETHIN'
ABOUT HYPNOTISM--SOMEBODY
WITH A **BRAIN**--

I WANNA
B'LOON!

?



THE BRAIN!



WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF THIS
BEFORE--HE'S JUST
THE GUY THAT
CAN DO IT!

?



LOOK, BRAIN, OL' PAL!
YA GOTTA HELP ME!
COOKIE GOT HYPNOTIZED
BY MISTAKE--AN' **YOU**
GOTTA GET HIM OUTA
IT! HE'S GOTTA PLAY
BASKETBALL TONIGHT,
AN' --

I UNDERSTAND
PERFECTLY!
WAIT HERE WHILST
I GET MY VOLUME
ON HYPNOTISM!



In the meantime--the brain's
mater is upstairs and--

WELL, OF ALL
THE **NOSEY**
LITTLE--

--WELL? HURRY UP!
WOT DOES IT SAY?

IT SAYS HERE TO
GET A BUCKET OF
WATER AND--

SPLASH!



MY
WORD!

WOT
HAPPENED?
WHERE
AM I?
WOT--?

NEVER MIND THAT
NOW! YOU'VE JUST
GOT TIME TO GET
DRESSED AND GET
TO THE SCHOOL
GYM-- C'MON!

So, for the umpteenth time--

**GREAT
SHOT!**

HURRAY! WE WIN!
COOKIE'S GOIN' UP
FOR ANOTHER BASKET!
YAY!



And for some time after that --

OH, COOKIE--YOU
MAKE THE MOST WONDER-
FUL **BASKETBALL**--I MEAN--
BASKETBALL PLAYER
I'VE EVER SEEN--



And sometime later than that!

C'MON, COOKIE--
HURRY UP--IT'S
GETTIN' LATE!

WAIT A MINUTE,
YOU DOG!



WELL, WODDEYA SAY?
ARE YOU GONNA TELL
ME WOT HAPPENED
THIS AFTERNOON?

YEAH--SURE!
LET'S STOP IN FOR
A GOOD NIGHT COKE
AN' I'LL GIVE YOU
THE DETAILS!



Things get better all the time!

G'NIGHT,
ANGEL!



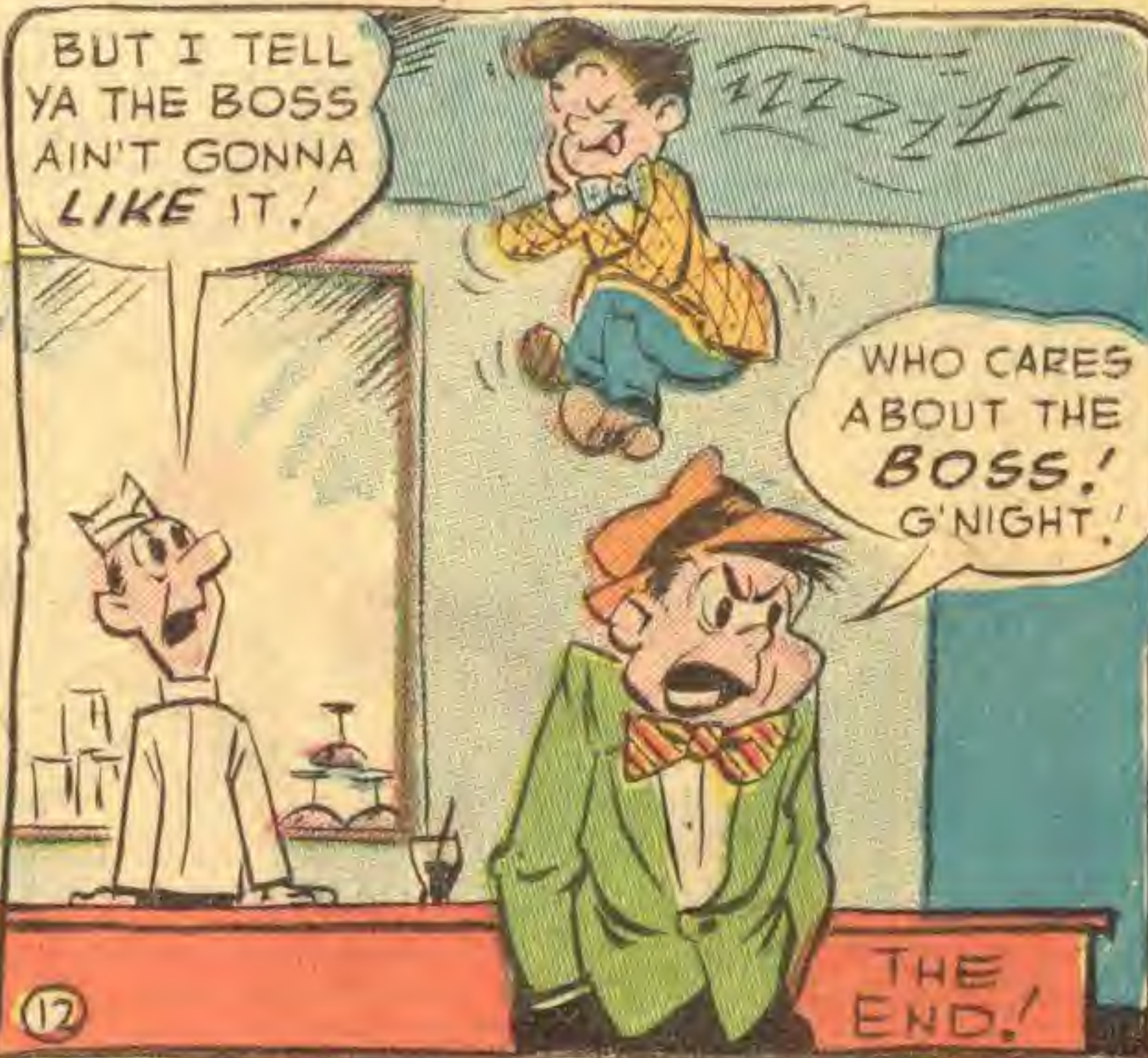
--AN' THERE WAS THIS HYPNOTIST
SAYIN', "YOU'RE FEELIN' DROWSY--
LOOK INTO MY EYES--NOW YOU'RE
ASLEEP-- YOU'RE IN MY POWER--
RISE INTO THE AIR--RISE--RISE--
RISE--AN' YOU--



OH!
NO!



BUT I TELL
YA THE BOSS
AIN'T GONNA
LIKE IT!



WHO CARES
ABOUT THE
BOSS!
G'NIGHT!

THE
END!

FAT FOOT FREDDIE

FREDDIE, I'M GOING DOWNTOWN NOW! WHEN YOU LEAVE FOR SCHOOL BE **SURE** TO WEAR YOUR **RUBBERS**! IT'S RAINING **PITCHFORKS**!

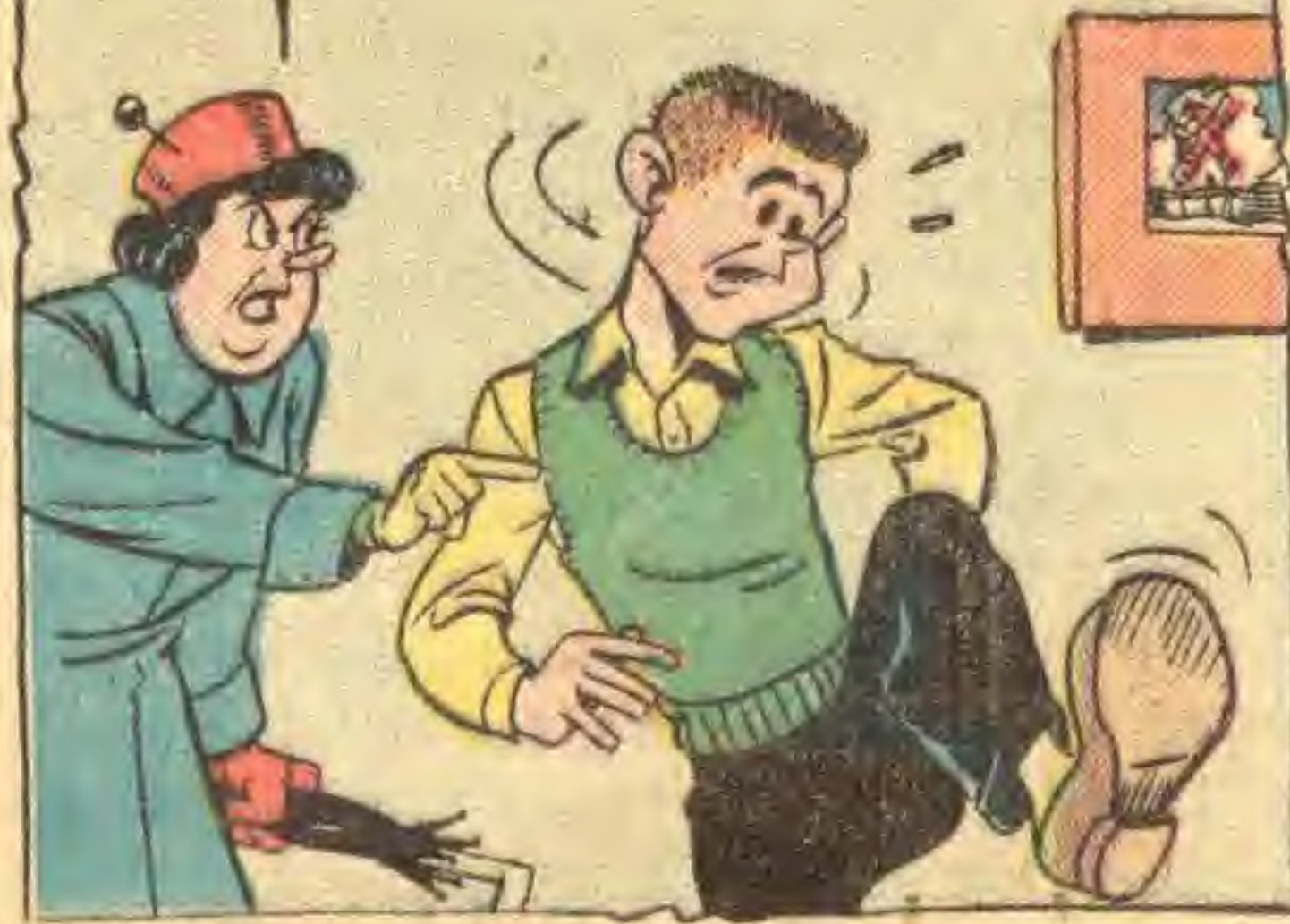
WEAR **RUBBERS**? HOLY COW, MOM! NONE OF THE **HEPCATS** WEAR **RUBBERS**!



NEVERTHELESS, I WANT **YOU** TO WEAR **YOURS**! IF YOU DON'T YOU MIGHT GET YOUR FEET SOAKING WET AND CATCH COLD!

YOU KIDDIN', MOM? WITH FEET THE SIZE OF **MINE**, IT'D TAKE **HOURS** TO SOAK 'EM!

MAYBE, BUT IF YOUR FEET **SHOULD** GET SOAKED, YOU'D GET A COLD **TWICE** AS **BIG** AS ANYONE ELSE!



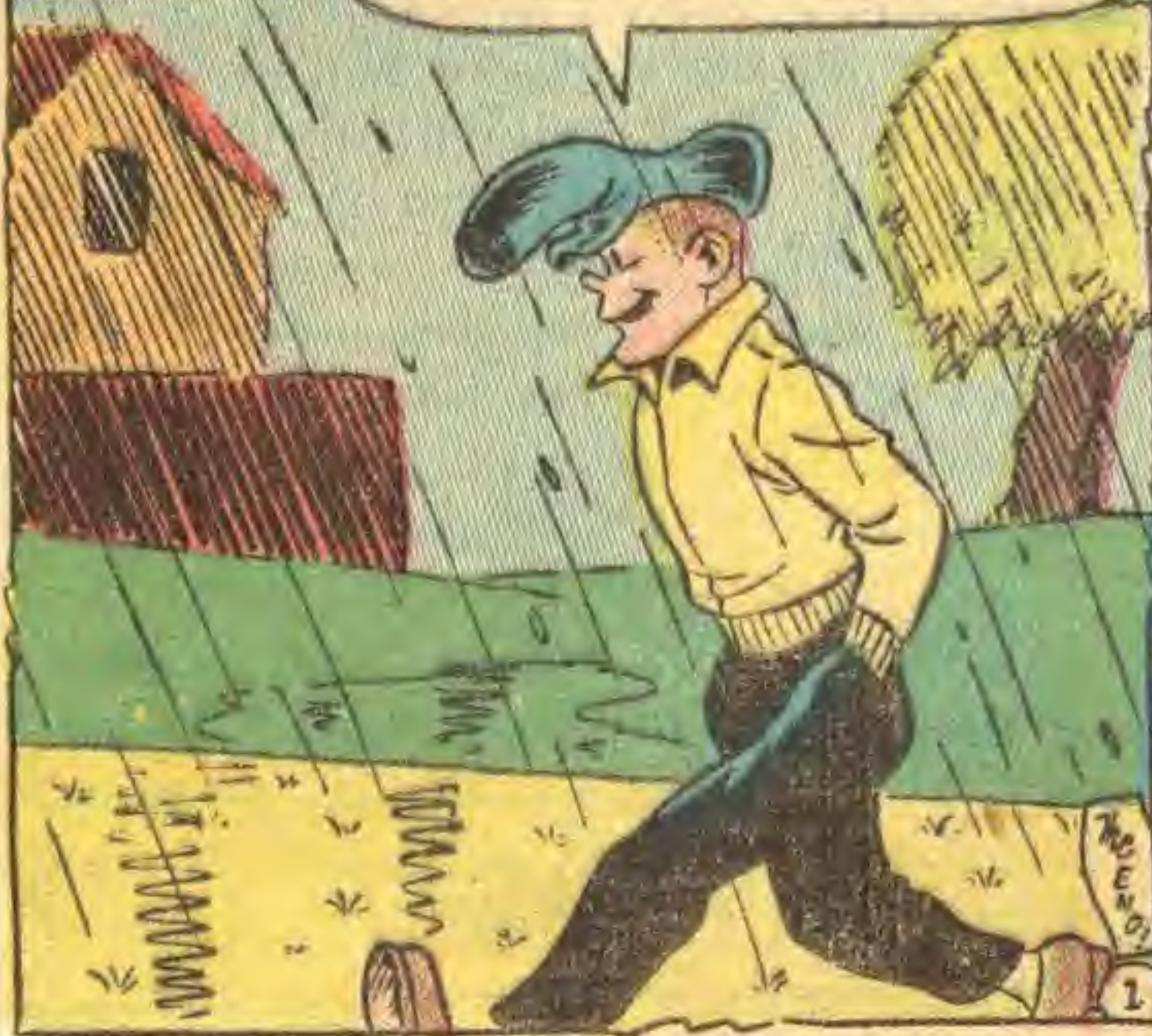
FREDDIE, I'LL WORRY ABOUT YOU ALL DAY, UNLESS YOU **PROMISE** ME YOU'LL WEAR THOSE **RUBBERS**! **PROMISE ME? PLEASE!**

GULP! AW! ...OKAY MOM, I **PROMISE!**



LATER...

I **PROMISED** TA WEAR 'EM, BUT I DIDN'T SAY **WHERE**!



JITTERBUCK "WOT-A-PAL" JONES!

"SHAKE!" SAID COOKIE, thrusting out his hand.

"Shake!" said Jit, gripping Cookie's hand in an iron grasp.

"Pals!" they exclaimed together.

"Bosom buddies, true to the end!"

Cookie sighed deeply and manfully.

"Eternal friendship, no matter what happens!"

"Yeah," Jit agreed. "To the bitter end, if we hafta! I tell ya, Cook, there's nothin' like havin' a real pal in life! Someone ya can turn to, an' talk to about the things that're botherin' ya!"

"Someone that'll help ya out if yer in trouble," Cookie continued. "That's the kind of friends we are!"

"You said it!" Jit was emphatic. "From now on, Cookie...uh-oh! There's the bell. Gotta go back to the old grind again!"

This deep declaration of undying friendship had taken place in the school lunchroom between gigantic bites of sandwiches and great swallows of milk. Both boys felt all the better for it! There was something *real* about swearing undivided loyalty.

Back in the Latin class, however, another drama was taking place. Miss Lattimore, the Latin teacher, waited angrily for the class to file in and be seated. Then, without further ado, she sent the first barrage of shots into the enemy lines!

"All right, class, here we sit until the culprit identifies himself! I don't care if it means sitting all day...all night...all week! I demand to know who did this!"

Stepping to one side, she revealed a drawing on the blackboard. It was not a very good drawing as art goes, but it was definitely a likeness of Miss Lattimore. A striking likeness, down

to the unfortunate red spot she seemed to have developed on the tip of her nose and which, she had thought, had been effectively concealed by face powder.

"Well?" She raked the class with a stony eye, looking for the perpetrator. "Aha! You!"

"Me?" To Cookie's thorough amazement, Miss Lattimore seemed to be pointing at him! "But, Miss Lattimore, I didn't..."

"Enough! You have an *expression* of guilt on your face! It's as clear as daylight to me! You are the culprit! I'm going to march you straight up to the princi..."

"Miss Lattimore, wait!" Jitterbuck Jones, springing to his feet, called out firmly, "Cookie didn't do it! He doesn't know the first thing about it! Miss Lattimore," Jit squared his shoulders and looked the teacher right in the eyes, "I did it!"

The class was tense as Miss Lattimore turned her stony gaze on Jit. Then, most unexpectedly, she smiled. Miss Lattimore actually *smiled*! "What a *beautiful* thing to do!" she exclaimed. "I see that you have really taken to heart the story of Damon and Pythias, those two great-hearted friends of antiquity! And so, you are offering yourself in your friend's place! Class, this is a true lesson in character! If someone will erase this...this...*monstrosity*...we'll go on with our lesson!"

After school, Cookie met Jit at the street corner and gripped his hand again. "Pal! Buddy! Chum!" he said, choking with emotion. "Ta think you were willin' ta take the rap for me! I wonder who *really* did it!"

Jit grinned. "Me," he said.

"COOKIE"

EMMA! YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE SOON-TO-BE MOST **SUCCESSFUL** CONTRACTOR IN THIS TOWN! I'VE FINALLY GOT A DINNER APPOINTMENT WITH THE **MAYOR**!

WHAT'S **THAT** GOTTA DO WITH YOU BEIN' A BIG TIME CONTRACTOR, POP?



JUST THIS! IF I CAN GET THE MAYOR'S FRIENDSHIP, I CAN GET HIM TO ASK THE CITY COUNCIL TO GIVE **ME** THE JOB OF PAYING THE CITY STREETS FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS!

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO BECOME A PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE MAYOR FOR YEARS, AND AT LAST I'VE GOT MY CHANCE! IT MEANS **PRESTIGE**, MOM, AND I'LL TAKE MY PLACE IN THIS COMMUNITY AS A LEADING CITIZEN!



MY, HOW NICE, DAD!

YEAH! GOOD LUCK, POP!



WELL, I'M GONNA PUSH THE PETROL
TO MY BOMB AND BLAST THE HACK
TO JIT'S HACIENDA! SEE
YA ALL!

WHAT'D HE SAY?
WHAT'D HE SAY?

NO KIDDING! HE
SAID THAT!

HE SAID HE'S
DRIVING HIS CAR
OVER TO JIT'S
HOUSE!



OH, WHEEL OF FORTUNE!
WODDA DAY, WODDA DAY!
I FEEL LIKE A MILLION BUCKS
BEFORE THE WITHHOLDING TAX!
OH, WHEEL OF FORTUNE!



JIT! HEY, JIT!
C'MON OUT!

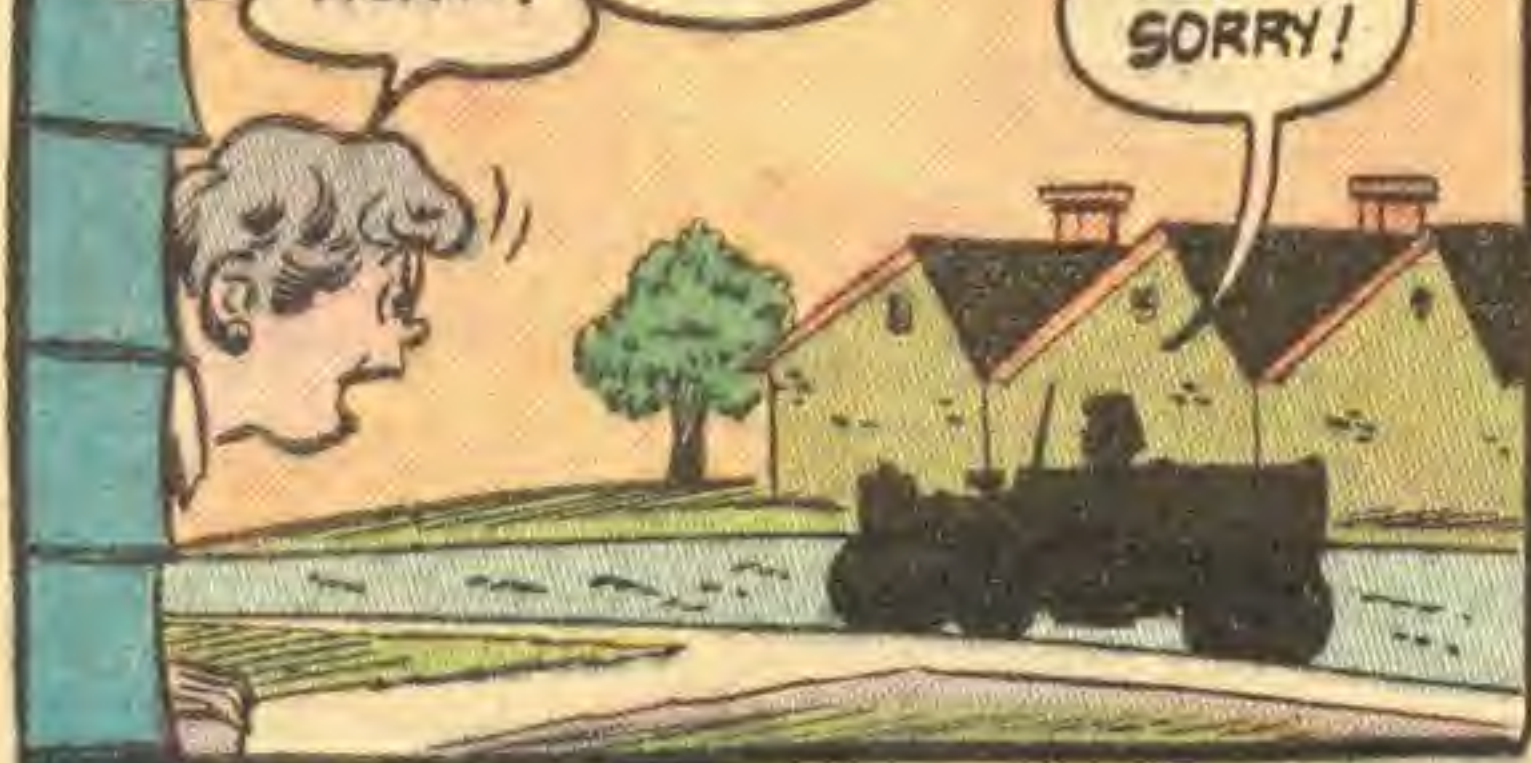
JIT,
BOY!
HEY!
RISE AND
SHINE!

**BEEP!
BEEP!**



GOOD GRIEF, COOKIE! STOP THAT NOISE! IF YOU
WANT JIT, HE'S IN THE BACK YARD!
BUT GO BACK THERE--
DON'T START SHOUTING
AGAIN!

YES'M!
SORRY!



HEY, JIT! C'MON, LET'S
GO SEE WHAT THE
CATS ARE DOIN'!

NAW, YOU GO
AHEAD, COOKIE!



HEY, WHAT'S
WITH YOU?

I'M DOWN, BOY! A
SAD LAD! A REAL
LOW JOE!



WELL, COME ON, COME ON!
GET YOUR CHIN UP OFF THE
PAVEMENT BEFORE YOU
WHACK YOUR RACK!*

GUESS YOU AIN'T
HEARD THE NEWS!
RED'S CLOSIN' UP THE
SODA JERKERIE!



* HIT YOUR TEETH



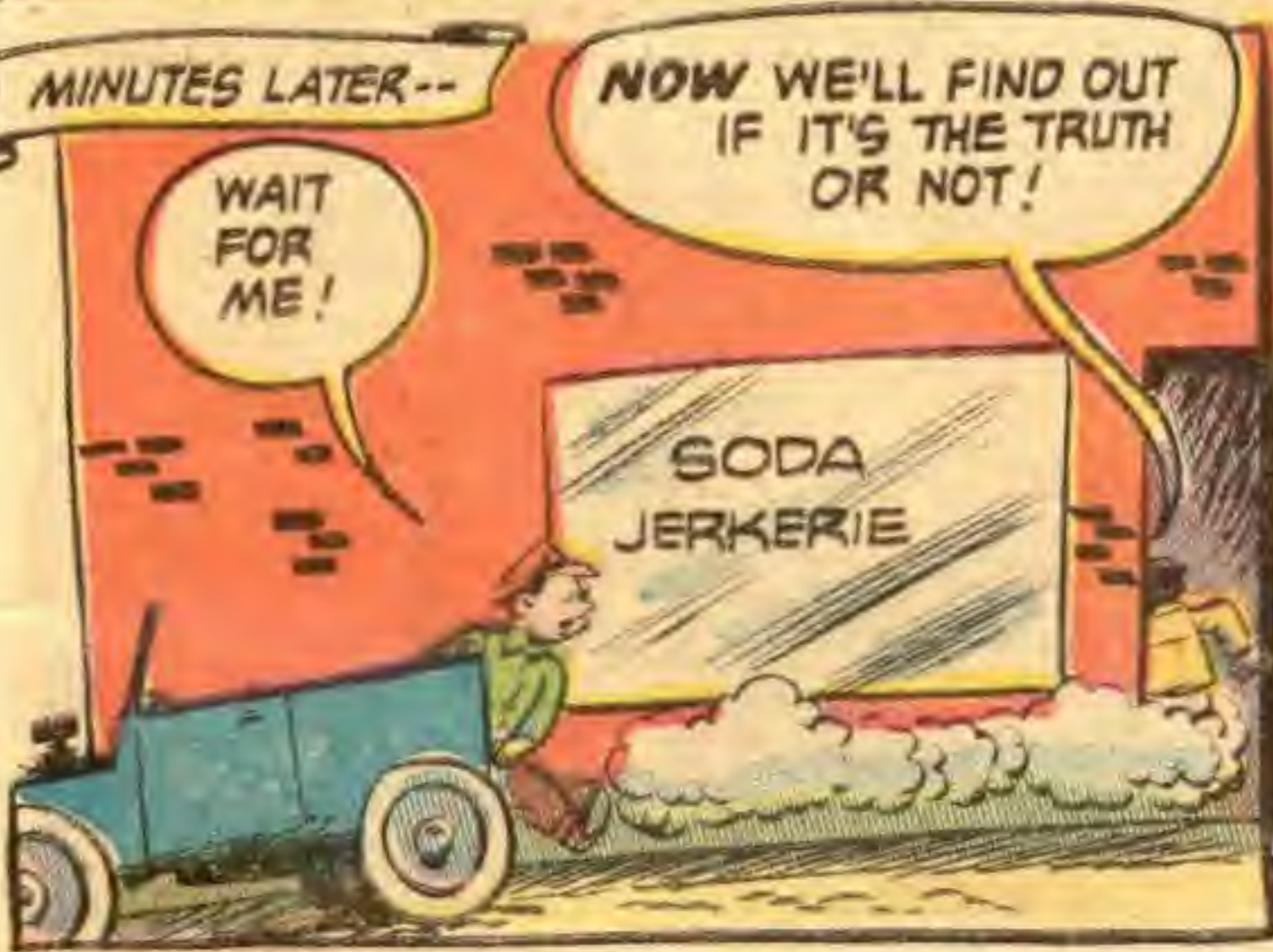
OH, NO! HE CAN'T! RED WOULDN'T QUIT BUSINESS AND LEAVE US ALL WITHOUT A PLACE TA TICKLE OUR SWEET TOOTH!

WELL, CHARLIE CALLED ME THIS A.M. AND SAID HE WAS!



COME ON, JIT! WE'RE GONNA GO SEE RED AND FIND OUT IF THIS IS FOR REAL!

DON'T BREAK MY ARM! YOU CAN HOLD IT, BUT PLEASE -- DON'T BREAK IT!



MINUTES LATER--

WAIT FOR ME!

NOW WE'LL FIND OUT IF IT'S THE TRUTH OR NOT!



HEY, RED! WHAT'S WITH THIS JAZZ ABOUT YOU FOLDIN' YOUR TENT LIKE OMAR KHAYYAM?

IT'S TRUE, COOKIE, TOO TRUE!



HOLY HANNAH! HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO US TEEN-AGERS, RED? THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE WE HAVE WHERE WE CAN GET TOGETHER FOR A FEW LAUGHS AND FUN ONCE IN A WHILE!

I KNOW IT!



BUT IT'S NOT MY FAULT-- IT'S THE CITY'S! THEY REFUSED TO RENEW MY LICENSE WHEN IT EXPIRES!

HUH? BUT FOR GOSH SAKES, WHY?



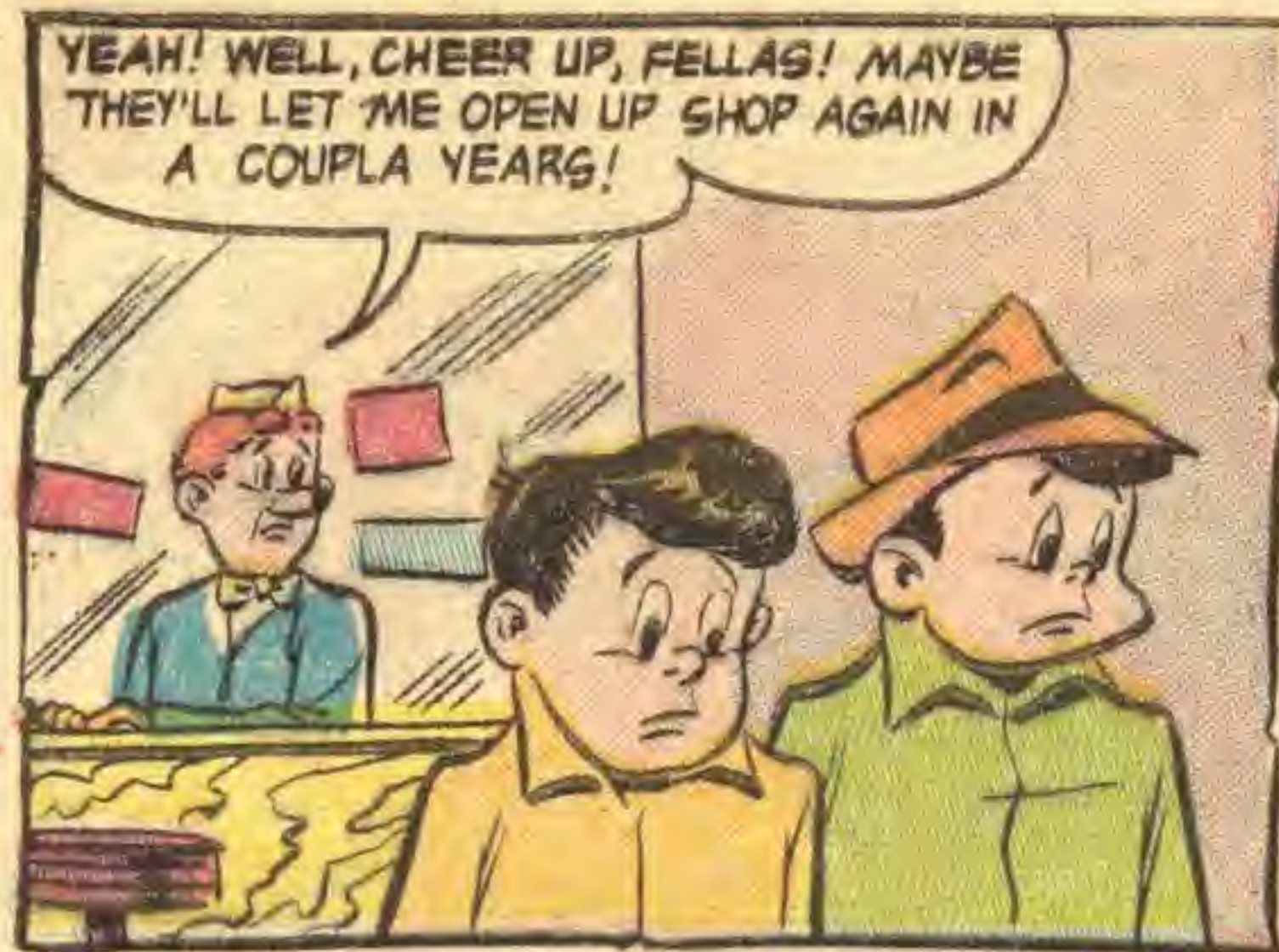
BECAZZ SOME OF THE BIG BUSINESS MEN HAVE BEEN COMPLAININ' THAT THIS JOINT'S **UNDESIRABLE!** SEEMS LIKE THE CATS KICK UP TOO MUCH NOISE FOR 'EM! SO THEY'RE SHUTTIN' ME UP TIGHT!

BOY! WHAT A DIRTY TRICK!



YEAH, NOT ONLY A DIRTY TRICK ON ME, BUT ON YOU GUYS, TOO! I KNOW THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE YOU'VE GOT TO WHILE AWAY YOUR FEW IDLE MINUTES -- BLASTIN' YOUR TONSILS WITH STIFF MILK AND READIN' THE MAGAZINES ON MY STAND!

AN' PLAYIN' YOUR JUKE BOX!



YEAH! WELL, CHEER UP, FELLAS! MAYBE THEY'LL LET ME OPEN UP SHOP AGAIN IN A COUPLA YEARS!



THIS IS A CALAMITY, COOKIE! WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!

YEAH, BUT WHAT?



NOTHIN'! THE ONLY THING THAT COULD SAVE US IS TA GET THE MAYOR TA RENEW RED'S LICENSE, AND THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

JIT, MAYBE YOU GOT SOMETHIN'! MY POP KNOWS THE MAYOR, SO MAYBE WE COULD GET IN TA TALK TA HIM!

YOU KIDDIN'?

NO! IN FACT, I HEARD MY POP SAY HE WAS EVEN HAVIN' LUNCH WITH HIM TODAY! C'MON! WE'RE GOIN' TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE!



SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER--

WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE MAYOR, MA'AM!

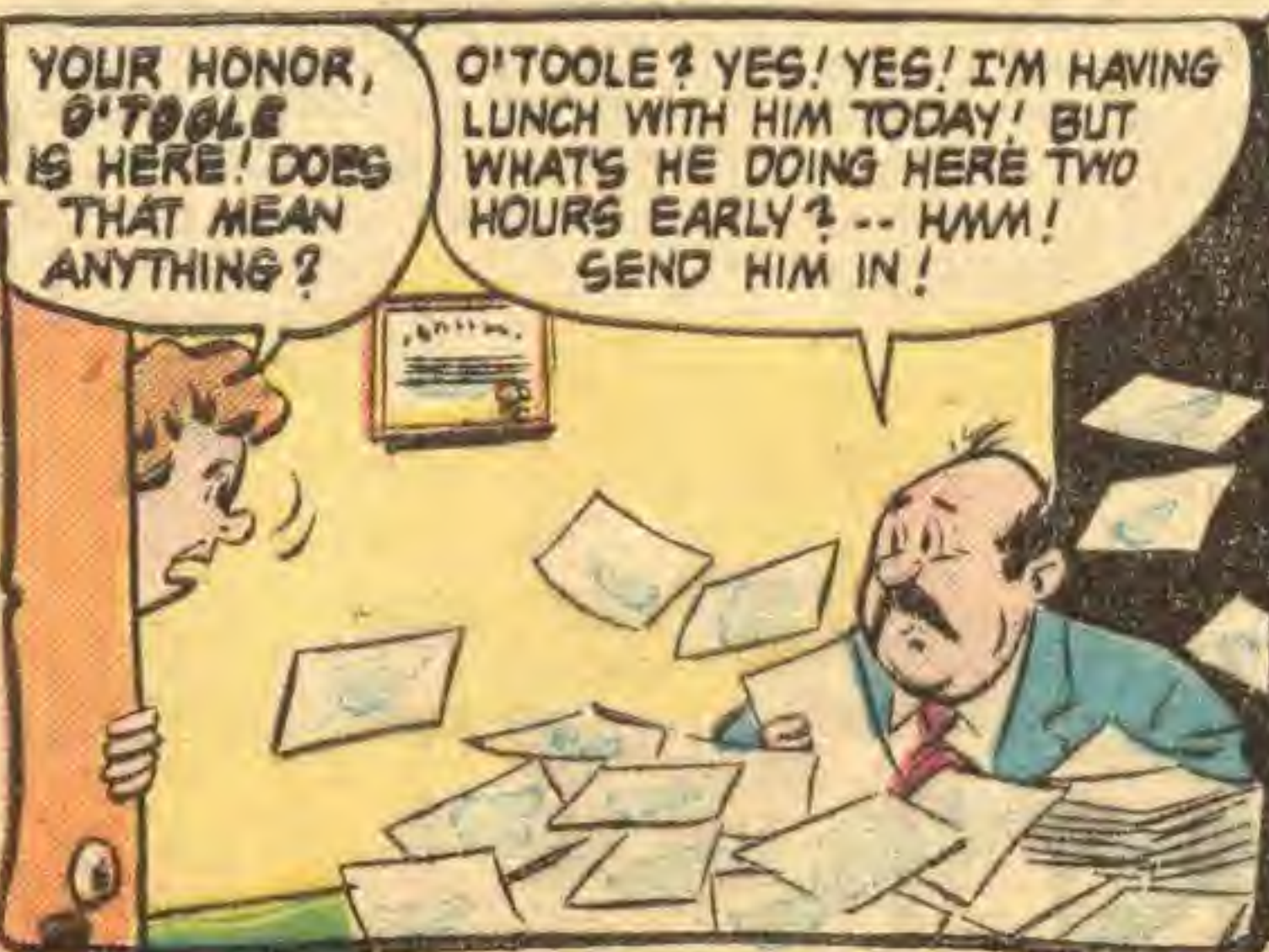
I'M SORRY, BOYS-- BUT THE MAYOR IS A VERY BUSY MAN! GOOD DAY!



WELL, THAT ENDS THAT!

NOT YET! GULP! LOOK, MA'AM, WILL YOU DO THIS? TELL THE MAYOR THAT O'TOOLE IS HERE!

O'TOOLE? O'TOOLE? THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR!-- ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!



YOUR HONOR, O'TOOLE IS HERE! DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING?

O'TOOLE? YES! YES! I'M HAVING LUNCH WITH HIM TODAY! BUT WHAT'S HE DOING HERE TWO HOURS EARLY? -- HMM! SEND HIM IN!



SO... SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOING IN MY OFFICE?

ER-- AH-- I'M MR. O'TOOLE'S SON, YOUR HONOR!

O'TOOLE'S SON?

YESSIR!

WE'RE HERE TO ASK YOU TO SEE TO IT THAT THE **GODA JERKERIE** GETS ITS LICENSE RENEWED! RED'S A GREAT FRIEND OF THE TEEN-AGERS, AND HIS JOINT HAS GIVEN US A PLACE TO GO!

WHEN TEEN-AGERS ARE DEPRIVED OF PLACES TO HAVE GOOD CLEAN FUN, IT CONTRIBUTES TO JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, SIR, BY PUTTING KIDS OUT ON THE STREET! SO WON'T YOU SEE TO IT THAT RED GETS HIS LICENSE?

I'M GORRY, YOUNG MAN, BUT THE RESTAURANT MEN IN THIS CITY ARE MANY, AND THEY WON'T STAND FOR HIM BEING HERE ANY LONGER!



BESIDES, ALL YOU BOYS HAVE **HOMES** TO CONGREGATE IN!

BUT THAT'S NOT THE **SAME**, YOUR HONOR!

THAT'S MOST UNFORTUNATE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!



NICE GUY! HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT US TEENSTERS! HE ONLY CONSIDERS THE **BUSINESS MEN**!

JIT! WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!-- WE'LL GET THE NEWSPAPER TO PUBLICIZE THIS DEAL! C'MON!



MINUTES LATER, AT COOKIE'S--

I'M WRITING A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, JIT, AND **YOU'RE** GONNA DELIVER IT! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GET HIM TO PAY ATTENTION TO US!

REET, PETE!



SO---

MAC! CHARLIE! STOP THE PRESSES!!! I'VE GOT A SCOOP! WOW! THIS IS HOT!

YES, CHIEF!



EVERYBODY IN TOWN KNOWS O'TOOLE'S BEEN ANGLING FOR THE CITY PAYING CONTRACT FOR YEARS, BUT **LOOK AT THIS!** NOW WRITE A STORY ON IT AND GET OUT AN EXTRA!

WELL, I'LL BE... ?!!
RIGHT, CHIEF!



WITHIN HALF AN HOUR---

HEY! EXTRA! O'TOOLE BLASTS MAYOR! READ ALL ABOUT IT! MAYOR'S REFUSAL TO INTERVENE IN LICENSE RENEWAL ALLEGED TO BE DIRECT CONTRIBUTION TO JUVINILE DELINQUENCY! HEY, PAPA!

PAPER! PAPER, SON!



IN MINUTES, ALL OVER TOWN--

GOOD GRAY, LISTEN TO THIS, TOM!--" O'TOOLE, IN A LETTER TO THIS PAPER, ACCUSED HIS HONOR, IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS, OF BEING AFRAID TO TAKE ACTION IN THE RENEWAL OF A LICENSE FOR THE **SODA JERKERIE**, A FAVORITE SPOT OF THE CITY'S YOUTH, AND THIS PAPER **AGREES** WITH HIM!"



MEANWHILE---

WELL, I'M OFF FOR THE MAYOR'S OFFICE, MISS COMPLETELY! HEH-HEH! WHEN I COME BACK, THIS FIRM WILL BE **BIG TIME!**

GOOD LUCK, MR. O'TOOLE!

O'TOOLE & CO.



AND AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE--

MAYOR! YOUR HONOR! GOOD GRIEF! LOOK AT **THIS!**

WELL FOR--
THAT RAT!
THAT
HEEL!



THIS IS A PUBLICITY STUNT OF O'TOOLE'S TO GRAB NOTORIETY AND FORCE ME TO GIVE HIM THE PAVING CONTRACT! WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THAT TWO-FACED RAT O'TOOLE?

DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?



O'TOOLE!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOUR HONOR! HEH-HEH! YOU ALL READY TO GO TO LUNCH AND TALK OVER--HEH-- **PAVING CONTRACTS?**



WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'D I DO? WHAT'D---

PAPER, MISTER?



NO! I DON'T WANT-- WOT TH--- ???
"O'TOOLE SAYS MAYOR'S REFUSAL TO INTERVENE IN LICENSE RENEWAL FOR THE **SODA JERKERIE** IS---" **COOKIE! HE MUST'VE DONE THIS!**



WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S MY SON? SOMEBODY HAS JUST RUINED ME, AND I THINK IT WAS MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD!





SO THERE YOU ARE! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS? IT SAYS **A LETTER** WAS WRITTEN TO THE EDITOR AND IT WAS ALL ABOUT SOME PLACE CALLED THE **SODA JERKERIE!**

WELL.. ER..YEAH, I WROTE IT! BUT I JUST SIGNED IT **O'TOOLE!**



YOU JUST SIGNED IT **O'TOOLE**, EH? THAT'S ALL, EH?

SURE, THAT'S MY NAME!

THAT'S MY NAME, TOO! AND I WANTED THE MAYOR FOR A FRIEND!



MEANWHILE--

WHAT? YOU MEAN THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE OUT THERE WAITING FOR ME TO INTERVENE IN THIS LICENSE BUSINESS?

YES, YOUR HONOR! THEY SAY IT'S HIGH TIME YOU CONSIDERED THE **YOUTH** OF THE CITY AS WELL AS THE BUSINESS MEN!



YOU KNOW, MISS OLSEN, I THOUGHT THIS WAS A PUBLICITY GRAB OF O'TOOLE'S! BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! BY GEORGE, IT IS HIGH TIME I CONSIDERED THE **YOUTH** AS WELL AS THE BUSINESS MEN!



LATER-- RUINED! SOBE WIPED OUT! TEN YEARS I SPEND TRYING TO BE FRIENDS WITH THE MAYOR, AND IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, MY SON MAKES HIM **HATE ME!**

NOW I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, O'TOOLE!



I CAME HERE TO THANK YOU FOR OPENING MY EYES AND MAKING ME REALIZE MY DUTY TO ALL CITIZENS! ALTHOUGH YOU FIGURED IT MEANT NO CONTRACT FOR YOU, YOU STILL STOOD UP AND SPOKE OUT FOR WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS RIGHT! YOU GET THE CONTRACT, O'TOOLE, -- AND THANKS!



AND SO-- LISTEN TO THIS, POP!... "O'TOOLE HONORED AT BANQUET! HAILED AS LEADING CITIZEN! MAYOR PUBLICLY THANKS LOCAL LEADER!"

NO! IT MAKES ME PROUD OF WHAT **COOKIE** DID!

MAKES YOU **PROUD** OF WHAT I DID, HUH, MOM? EH?



THAT'S **RIGHT**, YOU GUYS! FREE MALTS FOR SIX MONTHS! THANKS TO YOU, I'M STILL IN BUSINESS!

AND WE REFUSE TO ACCEPT!-- THANKS TO YOU, WE STILL HAVE A PLACE TO COME TO!

THE END

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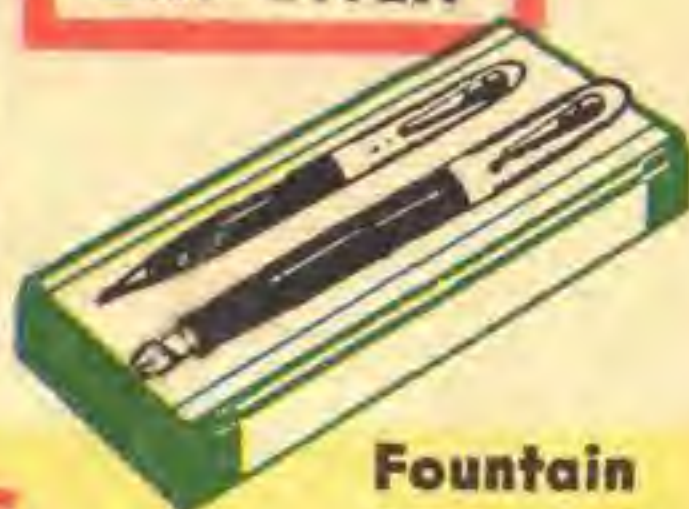
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